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THE HON. ROSALIND FINLAY

Miss Finlay is the only daughter of Mr. Justice (Viscount) Finlay and Viscountess Finlay, and is to be married to Lieutenant J. O. C. Hayes, R.N. elder son of Major and Mrs. I. C. Hayes

COUNTRY LIFE

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LEISURE IN THE FLAT

"A MAN of leisure" is frequently taken to mean, "a man with nothing to do." But leisure is defined by the dictionary as "an opportunity afforded by unoccupied time"; and it is alleged that there is, or is soon going to be, much more leisure than formerly. Indeed, the question of what other people are to do with their leisure is already exercising the minds of some. Mr. A. J. Symons lately delivered an address on the subject to the Royal Institute of British Architects, published in the current issue of the Institute's *Journal*, in which he pointed out a remarkable fact about leisure: that, the more we have of it, the less space we are being given to have it in. Considerable progress is being made in the provision of cinemas, motoring-roads, stadiums, and playing fields to meet those whose ideas of leisure lie in those directions. But for the more traditional employments of leisure—the bringing up of a family, the cultivation of the arts, the enjoyment of good food, good books, good conversation, in a word the pleasures of home life—not only is nothing being done but the scale and quality of habitation is being reduced for the average citizen to a level that, by making such uses of leisure impossible, is driving him to forms of amusement which must be followed outside.

This destruction of home life is a serious thing. Every day it is emphasised by the demolition of more or less pleasing houses, and the growth on their site of blocks of flats which, while they provide an ever-increasing wealth of amenities, do not, with a few exceptions, offer a home for

leisure. Deprived of a cellar, borrowing such books as are read from a library, restricted to a kitchenette for the preparation of meals (if any), and probably without a nursery, "civilised" man must find his inheritance from the ages disappointing. And what will be the effect on a generation born and bred in these surroundings?

It is curious that the increasing speed of communications should result in unprecedented congestion of the population in a few centres. Who decrees this "slicing of the greatest city in the world down an architectural inclined plane and towards the bottomless pit of the minimum life?" Why is it that "as rents go higher, ceilings come lower?" The rise in land values is held accountable, and it is largely true that a monopoly in the remaking of London has been virtually secured by speculators. Moreover, the tenant, by paying in rent not only interest, but eventually the capital itself, is willy-nilly supporting the increased value of the land, and depriving himself of the means for civilised life. But there are other factors, chief among them the shortage and deterioration of domestic servants, and the high scale of taxation which compels the owner of the land to extract a higher return from its user. Nevertheless, a plan for London whereby development would be "zoned" for the benefit of the public, as well as of the proprietor, could assure at least certain standards of accommodation. We do not permit private enterprise to make our bridges over the Thames, said Mr. Symons; is the remaking of our City less a civic responsibility? Or—if the future admits of any leisure at all—is the shaping of our people's culture less of a national responsibility than the care of their physique?

PERAMBULATOR PARADES

THE oldest inhabitant in a remote moorland village might always expect to have his doubts respected so far as roads are concerned. To one who is born in a place and will certainly die there, what is the use of trunk roads and Ministries of Transport? But when the inhabitants of a colony—if that is the right word—on the banks of a great arterial road like the Kingston By-pass begin to demonstrate with children, perambulators and babies, one begins to suspect that something is wrong, either with the mentality of the inhabitants or with the general control of the roads. There probably is something wrong with both; but it is certainly time that both were reviewed and reconciled. The main roads, "traffic canals" and by-passes are being altered and contrived to-day for purposes which should be clear to anybody who uses his intelligence; and people who, by deliberately settling alongside them with their families, cause risk of accident, cannot reasonably blame other people who are trying to solve the problems of national transport. Those problems are increasing in difficulty every day, and the sooner people who live on the approaches to our great urban areas realise this the better. The possibility of air-raids is now always in our minds; and the evacuation of the inhabitants of cities and towns needs a great deal of forethought and contrivance. Congested areas must—in such emergencies—be cleared, so far as possible, of non-combatants, without, at the same time choking up the roads and making them impassable for fire-fighting appliances, ambulances, anti-aircraft guns and so on. The balance between possible underground sheltering and rapid evacuation, so far as the protection of city populations is concerned, has still to be worked out in detail, but a great deal will obviously depend on the possibility of concerting a scheme for using the main roads and the minor roads together. Sir Charles Bressey's scheme for the Highway Development of the London area bears well in mind the probable transport needs in any national emergency, and for that very reason it is of the greatest importance that many of his recommendations for avoiding congestion should be put in hand at once. The Alegate Corner and St. George's Circus are cases in point. A great deal may be done by the Tubes, on lines suggested by Mr. H. V. Lanchester, to combine increased transport facilities with more shelter in the towns. But perambulator parades on the Kingston By-pass will not get us anywhere.

COUNTRY NOTES



AFTER NUREMBERG

I CARE not who makes a nation's history during the week, if I control it during the week-ends," seems to be an aphorism of modern rulers, and now our leading statesmen have adopted it too. Mr. Winston Churchill, during the last one, was able to speak more freely, though no less discreetly, than Sir John Simon. The latter's anxiously awaited speech lost nothing in emphasis by being a restatement of Britain's policy as defined last March by Mr. Chamberlain. If those to whom it was primarily addressed continue to regard it as "ambiguous," or pervert its implications into encouragement for Czechoslovakia, they have forgotten recent history. The vital factors in this case are those of personality and time. As Mr. Churchill said, "it is very grievous that during this hour the fate of European peace should lie in the hands of a single man." Determined as that man is to fulfil his programme of uniting all Germans, it is scarcely conceivable, in the face of his general attitude to war, that he is prepared to attempt its next instalment at the cost of such awful consequences as would follow a repetition of his Austrian coup. It is, perhaps, a bold generalisation to say that a European War cannot break out so long as there is sufficient time for preliminary discussion and negotiation. But such an interval undoubtedly diminishes the risk of a sudden move from which inevitable consequences follow, even when, as in this case, one of the armies is fully mobilised. The Nuremberg conference next week, ending on September 12th, is evidently intended to be the culmination of Germany's gigantic demonstration of threatening force, but it also affords yet another week for the solution of the crisis by peaceful means. Complex as it is, it is certainly not insoluble unless Germany is desirous of a general war, which certainly she is not. So we must anticipate, at least, another week-end of disquiet!

THE BACKWARD OR THE FORWARD VIEWS?

THE papers read at Cambridge during the meeting of the British Association, included not only broad surveys of national agriculture, which we have already discussed in these columns, with their plans for the solution of many harassing questions of national defence, national health and land administration, but other very careful examinations of farming methods and practice. Those authorities who devoted themselves chiefly to crop-farming, showed a noticeably different attitude from those who dealt with stock-farming. The former somehow gave the impression that they were coming to the conclusion that farmers of recent years had been greatly underestimating the traditional lessons of those thousands of years which preceded "modern" times; the implications of soil-erosion and infertility were being realised, and we were coming back to the old, ever-important farming questions of rotations and cultivations. Even manuring, in spite of modern advance, was proclaimed to be still a matter of practice and not of science. Professor Engledow went so far as to declare that plant breeding to-day was still a blend of art and empiricism, and somebody else made the further point that, while it takes fifteen years

to launch a new cereal variety, a national agricultural policy, under which it would have to be employed, seemed designed to operate for much shorter periods. Those who dealt with matters of animal production, if they were less patient of tradition, made many really practical suggestions, including a very useful one for the apprenticeship of stockmen.

WOOD FOR PETROL

TRIALS have already been carried out in France with lorries driven by wood or charcoal, and the possibility of a war-time shortage of petrol and crude oil in this country has been arousing interest in these primitive substitutes for running petrol-driven engines in case of emergency. The Forest Products Research Board, whose annual report has just been published, records a number of inquiries, during the past year, on the subject of charcoal manufacture and the use of wood and charcoal for "gasogenes," the name given to the producer furnaces in which the gas is extracted. It is highly unlikely that wood will ever be an economical form of fuel for the internal combustion engine, but necessity dispenses with economic laws, and it is conceivable that we may find ourselves in a situation where we shall be only too glad of some reserve form of fuel for use on country estates if petrol and paraffin are hard to come by. The gasogene, being a somewhat heavy and cumbrous affair, can only be fitted to lorries or large cars; but it also has its uses for pumping and lighting installations. As to the fuel, coppice wood could be used, cut up into billets, for some types of gasogene, but charcoal is more efficient and much lighter. We may yet live to see the day when the charcoal burners will be busy again in our woods.

THUNDERBOLTS

THUNDERBOLTS are in the air. First Captain Eyston in his car so appropriately named, has been hurtling over the sands at nearly 350 miles an hour. Secondly, a learned gentleman has written to *The Times* deriding thunderbolts, whereupon two other learned gentlemen have taken up modified cudgels on their behalf. They admit that there are, strictly speaking, no such things, but there is such a thing as ball lightning, though alas! it appears never to have left anything tangible behind it. So we must presumably give up the story of what is said to have befallen in 1556 at Little Sodbury Manor in Gloucestershire, when Michael Walsh, Esquire, and seven of his children were killed by a "fiery sulphureous ball rolling in at the parlour door at dinner time," after which it "made its passage through a window on the other side of the room." Doubtless the correspondence will be as protracted as it is engaging and may even rival that inaugurated by the scientific gentleman who lived near Bristol. He, it will be remembered, having seen the spasmodic lights of Mr. Pickwick's dark lantern, went out to investigate and on opening the gate into the lane received a gentle knock on the head from the clenched fist of Mr. Samuel Weller. So he published his strange experience with various possible solutions and was "considered a light of science ever afterwards."

SCHOOL CAMPS

THE importance of camping for the health and pleasure of young city-dwellers has now received official recognition from the Middlesex County Council, which has put at the disposal of the Camping Club three sites in the Green Belt. Each camp will accommodate six hundred people; they are provided with a water supply, sanitation and means of disposing of refuse. Though they are intended only for campers who bring and pitch their own tents, such sites in the Green Belt might well be utilised for the establishment of camp schools on the lines advocated in a recent number of this paper by Mr. R. M. K. Buchanan. The camp-school movement has made considerable progress this summer. Under the scheme started three years ago by the National Council of Social Service, some 44,000 children from the Special Areas have been enjoying open-air holidays at sixteen camps in various places on the North Coast and in South Wales. By arrangement with the education authorities these camps are also attended by parties of children during term time, as at Colonel ffennell's

camp school at Wytham Abbey. In an editorial note last week we quoted Colonel Fennell's opinion that camping might well be extended into the winter months. This is now being done at six of the N.C.S.C. camps, where the education authorities are co-operating over the equipment of buildings with heating arrangements.

THE GANNETS OF SULA SGEIR

IN these days when mankind shows an ever increasing fondness for tinned foods, so that the arts of the kitchen seem in danger of being lost, and heaps of waste tins disfigure rural back gardens, the news that there is still an island people that kill and eat seabirds comes with an almost pleasant shock of surprise. The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds sends out a letter, signed by its chairman Sir Montagu Sharpe and by Mr. John M. Crossthwaite, Hon. Secretary for the Scottish Society for the Protection of Wild Birds, drawing attention to the annual destruction of young gannets by the people of Ness in the north of the Island of Lewis on the gannetry of Sula Sgeir. This gannet colony is a well populated one, but the yearly slaughter of some 2,000 immature birds is reducing it. Our other British gannetries are, thanks to careful protection, doing well, and the breeding birds are increasing; but there are only seven of these colonies off the coasts of Scotland and one off the shores of Wales. The Bird Protection Societies are urging that such destruction should not be allowed, and that if the people of the north of Lewis are in such need that they must slay seabirds, then the local County Council ought to take steps to relieve them. While having most profound sympathy with the gannets, and admiration for the hardy folk who traverse forty miles of sea in order to raid and then eat them, we cannot but hope that the said relief will not take a tinned shape.

THE POOLS ONCE MORE

ON Saturday last something over 800,000 people went to watch the opening proper of the football season in England, and an incalculable number of thousands watched the results in the evening papers to see whether they had made a fortune, large or small, in the pools. All but the minutest fraction of them were disappointed, but doubtless they bore up, especially if their favourite team won, and will sit down with unabated enthusiasm on their appointed evening to wrestle with pondering pencil over the next week's problems. The galling part of the game is that the knowing ones are so often defeated by just one result which no reasonable being could have foreseen, while the glittering prize goes to an old lady who has prodded placidly at the list of names with her knitting needle and prophesied accordingly. Still, on the whole, it is likely that, except for those who indulge in "permutations" on a grandiose scale, most people get more fun than harm from the

pursuit. That is presumably the official view in Sweden where the pools, on the results of English matches, are run by the State and the money which, in this country enriches private persons, is used for the national fitness campaign.

WHITEHALL GARDENS

THE second stage in the clearance of the site for the new Government building is soon to be taken in hand, involving the demolition of the six early nineteenth century houses of Whitehall Gardens. Almost every one has its historical associations. No. 2 in 1875 became the town house of Disraeli, who, after making Edwards Hotel his London headquarters, was pleased to be able to "live again like a gentleman." No. 4, which has a fine neo-Greek interior by Smirke, was built for Sir Robert Peel; No. 5 was tenanted by Lord Farnborough, George IV's adviser on matters of taste. On September 12th and 13th Messrs. Hampton and Sons are holding a sale of the principal fittings and architectural features, including the pretty Early Victorian rococo suite with its landscape paintings by E. J. Parris from Disraeli's house. The houses will be open to view by the public on September 9th and 10th.

THE DRY WALLER'S ART

BALBUS built a wall; David, with divine help, was able to leap over one; but Balbus's achievement would be generally voted the greater of the two to-day. Walling—dry-walling, that is to say, such as you see on the Cotswolds or the Yorkshire fells—is an art in danger of extinction; yet it is the oldest of our building crafts. Those who read Mr. Massingham's account of a Cotswold dry-waller, which we published earlier this year, will remember the instance which he cited of mortarless building at Belas Knap four thousand years old. The realisation that dry-wallers are growing scarcer has led to an attempt to stimulate the craft in Derbyshire, and last Saturday a competition in wall building was held at a place appropriately called Flagg. Not that the waller ever tries to produce the precision and smoothness of flagstones; his art lies in selecting and shaping the stones ready to hand. Altogether there were fifty-seven competitors, ranging from boys of fifteen to a veteran of seventy-one. Between them they built a co-operative wall 245 yards long. The first prize went, not to one of the old hands, as might have been expected, but to a young stonemason of Buxton, who, in spite of being a townsman, is said to have shown the true waller's technique. In Derbyshire classes for wallers have been organised by the County Council, and there is an institution with the grand title of the Peak and West Derbyshire Dry Stone Walling Association, under whose auspices the competition was held.

BETWEEN THE GREY EARTH AND GREY RAIN

(A Landscape by Ruysdael)

Between the grey earth and grey rain
Lies flooded all the autumn plain;
And as the waning days grow shorter,
Deeper the willows wade in water
Against the clouds, against the rain.

Between the grey earth and grey sky
The prostrate ears of barley lie,
And, beaten down beneath the rain,
Sprout, sodden, to the earth again
Beneath that grey and moving sky;

And lonely in the level plain,
Beneath the streaming of the rain,
One line of poplars narrow and high
Loose their pale leaves upon the sky
Between the grey earth and grey rain.

The leaden long canal, that lies
Curveless beneath the blinded eyes
Of the austere October skies,
Still fuller, as the days grow shorter,

Lips its low bank with lapping water
Beneath the grey rain and grey skies.

The leaves are loos'd upon the boughs,
And all things into Autumn drowse,
Save where, beside the waterway,
Upon the low path mired with clay,
So still amid their love, that they
Are almost lost into the day,
Two lovers stand beneath the boughs.

And there beside the moving water,
As the short space of day grows shorter,
And the light sinks unflatteringly
To a horizon like the sea,
Blind with their mutual gazing there
They stand amid the sighing air
Enmeshed, unapprehensive, bound,
While slowly flickering to the ground
In languid circles, round and round,
The yellowing leaves unto the brink
Of the long leaden water sink.

ANTHONY FETTYPLAC



DYRHAM AND BRISTOL

THE CONTENTS OF AN HISTORIC GLOUCESTERSHIRE HOME

IT is a satisfactory chain of events, for once, which gives an excuse for reproducing these pictures of Dyrham Park, leased by Lady Islington from Mr. Christopher Blathwayt. Lord Rothschild succeeds Lady Islington at Rushbrooke Hall, the lovely moated Tudor house in Suffolk; and the Blathwayt heirlooms at Dyrham have been loaned to furnish the Great George Street house in Bristol, lately presented to the city by Canon Cole for use by the Art Gallery and Museum. Thus everybody, and not least the people of Bristol, are benefited by Lord Rothschild's preoccupations in science which make him want to live near Cambridge.

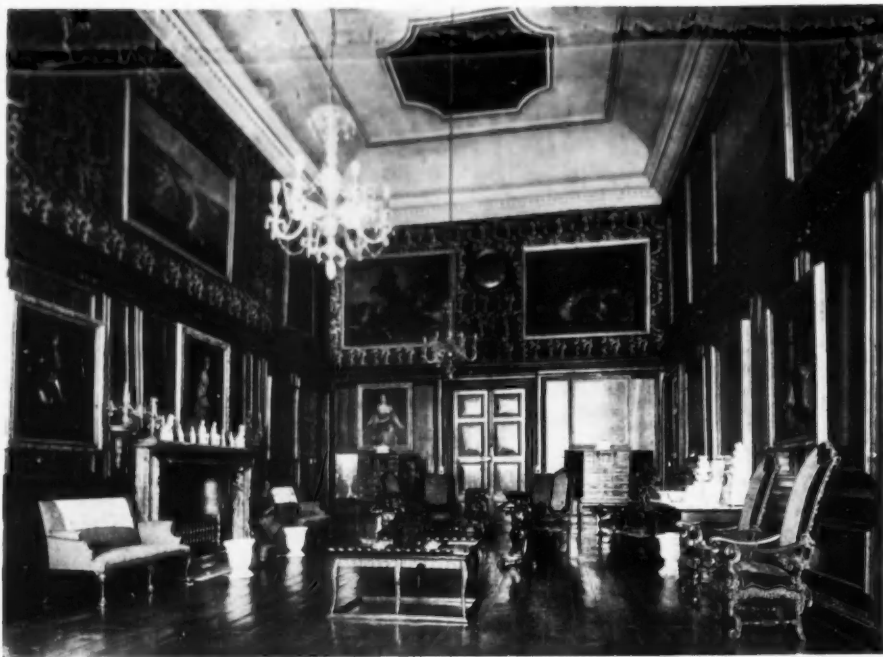
Dyrham lies a few miles equidistant from Bristol and Bath, in one of the lovely wooded combs that run into the Cotswold escarpment. From the Bath-Gloucester road the approach is dramatic, down thecombe, to the long renaissance front of golden stone that stretches across the valley. Through the garden door, opposite the entry into the house, there is a yet more impressive vista down the widening valley towards the Bristol Channel. On this side the grouping of the buildings and trees is one of the most beautiful to be found. They form an amphitheatre of which the great lawn is the arena. On the left, perched on the valley-side and its own terrace, is the old church, which is linked to the long balustraded terrace of the house by a charming gazebo. Its fellow bounds the other end of the terrace and, reinforced by big trees, completes the frame of the long, restrained garden front, behind which again rise the woods in the park.

The house—built on the site of an earlier one, the antecedents of which go back to the Deor-hamm or deer park of early Saxon times, and indeed to the decisive battle fought

here in 577 by which the Saxons finally separated the Britons of Wales from those of the South-west—was designed by William Talman, the architect of Chatsworth, in 1698, for Mr. William Blathwayt. The place had come to him through marriage with a Miss Wynter; Mr. William Blathwayt himself was a prominent civil servant under the late Stuarts. He entered the Diplomatic Service as secretary to Sir William Temple at the Hague, and subsequently held posts at Rome, Stockholm, and Copenhagen. Then, in 1683, he was appointed Secretary at War, an office that he held under James II, William III, and until the beginning of Marlborough's campaign. In this capacity he accompanied



THE CHIMNEYPiece IN THE GREAT HALL



THE GREAT HALL

William during his campaigns in Flanders, where he no doubt acquired many of the Dutch and Flemish pictures that hung at Dyrham.

Among his possessions, now to be seen at Bristol, was King William's field bedstead—a collapsible four-poster, and a bookcase or china cabinet, dated 1672, identical to those that Samuel Pepys, his colleague at the Admiralty, had made and that are now at Magdalene College, Cambridge. Pepys, too, records seeing the Perspective of a Corridor by Hoog-Straaten that formed a central feature at Burlington House last winter, and has always hung on the staircase at Dyrham. There are noble chairs and cabinets and tables of the William and Mary period, and much else of Georgian date.

Besides the paintings there is a remarkable early collection of Oriental porcelain, the fashion for which was set by Queen Mary. The loan to Bristol comprises glass, tableware, kitchen utensils and, in fact, the whole "gear" of a great late Stuart house.

The new home for this historic assemblage is a worthy one, though a good deal later in date. No. 7, Great George Street was designed by William Paty for John Pinney, a Bristol merchant with plantations in St. Kitts. The general character of the house is of the Adam style, and according to tradition it was the scene of the meeting between Wordsworth and Coleridge. As Wordsworth and his sister spent two years in the Pinneys' Dorsetshire house at Racedown, this seems likely to be the case.

This addition to the historical attractions of Bristol is the more welcome at a time when the far-reaching programme of road-improvement, slum-clearance, and recondi-

tioning is endangering—indeed destroying—much that was picturesque in the city. The authorities are anxious to preserve as much as possible of what is of genuine importance—witness the finding of means to retain Thomas Chatterton's house and school that had already been scheduled for demolition in connection with the new Western Road. This aspect of improvement is largely in the hands of the Council for the Preservation of Ancient Bristol, which has recently completed a list of monuments worthy of preservation, ranging from prehistoric and Roman remains to Georgian architecture. The list includes, at one extreme, the Celtic field walls on Clifton and Durdham Downs, and at the other the beautiful terraces of Georgian Clifton, comprising in between whole streets and squares. Queen Square is one the finest squares in England; and St. James's Square, Dowry Parade, Brunswick Square, Portland Square, Berkeley Square, Orchard Street, and the Exchange form a heritage of which Bristol may well be proud.



A BOOKCASE, dated 1672, similar to those of Samuel Pepys at Magdalene College

THE KING OF EGYPT'S DUCK SHOOT

A VISIT TO DAHSHUR WHERE DUCK DARKEN THE SKY

By J. WENTWORTH DAY

"WISE BEY speak on telephone, sare." The voice of Shafi, my black-eyed *shikari*, breathed sibilantly at my elbow. Shafi reminds me of a rising film star. He is completely uneducated, handsome to look at, effulgent in wiles, full of ingenuous cunning, perched perpetually on the verge of great expectations.

It was a hot morning in Cairo. One of those hard blue mornings when the ceaseless wheeling of the kites, the chatter of Arab boys, the clatter of passing *gharrys*, the mounting heat of a morning on the threshold of summer, fills one with a sudden nostalgia for England. Moreover, it was Sunday. Somewhere, English church bells were ringing, high above the seething void of a Moslem city busy about its workaday affairs. I longed, ridiculously, for the bells of Ely Cathedral, clear in the Fenland air above dyke and willow-lined Fenland fields.

I remembered, sharply, the flat sound of church bells heard across the salt water of my Essex estuary, ringing from the church where Mahalah worshipped. I am no great churchgoer—but it would have been nice to have walked those moist, cool marshes with the kingcups peeping brassily by the dyke sides, the marestails budding, the willows grey-green with the urge of spring, snipe drumming.

I went to the telephone. The clipped, quiet voice of Major Wise Bey, retired Commandant of the Provincial Police of all Egypt, spoke.

"I've just got permission from the Palace for us to go over and look at the King's shoot at Dahshur," he said. "They got eight hundred there on Friday and thought it a bad day. I am told most of the duck have gone, but if you like to bring your photographer we might see a few. Come to lunch."

Here was the answer to that moment of nostalgia. Shafi grinned approvingly. Boots, camera, field glasses, and the rest were laid out.

"You speak Wise Bey 'bout me, sare?" he enquired gently. "Wise Bey know me since I one foot high. Wise Bey eighty-five—ninety years old. He know all Egypt. All Arab peoples like him. He very sharp eye—I think in England, sare, Wise Bey like a small king, not so?"

This burdening of great age upon that remarkably spruce, dapper soldier, who cannot be much more than sixty, was, I suppose, a tribute to the reverence and esteem in which he is held by the Arabs of the country districts. It had a Biblical flavour, this compliment of adding fifty per cent. to one's obvious age as a measure of wisdom.

We motored out after lunch down the Giza road, turned left along a dusty mud road by a tree-shaded canal, bumped on



"WE STOPPED AT A BRIDGE OVER THE CANAL"—THE ENTRANCE TO THE ROYAL SHOOT

through villages where police saluted their old chief stiffly, a welcome light of recognition suddenly breaking from black eyes. Miles on we turned to the right over the canal, motoring along the top of a high raised bank which wound between fields of clover and sugar-cane like a great snake undulating through the green.

We were skirting the desert. It lay like a tawny menace, blistering in the sun, as though ready to engulf this narrow, defenceless belt of green. Let there but blow a strong wind from off the desert, the dreaded *khamseem*, and this smiling landscape would have been suddenly blotted out by a whirling, flying fog of blown sand. Our motor car would have been scarified clean of all paint and varnish, left shining like an aluminium skeleton. I have been in two sandstorms in a week, and they are not pretty. But it is an experience worth remembering.

Broad dykes fringed the raised roadway. Herons fished.

Black and white kingfishers hung poised on fluttering wings, dropping suddenly like terns. A kestrel hovered over a clover field. It was all very like those flat fields that run on to the shining fane of Ely.

The desert grew nearer. And the green fields changed in a twinkling. We crossed a canal. Lagoons and pools broke away on the left in long, shining vistas. Tall bulrushes whispered in the wind, a clump of palm trees sheltered a village of mud huts. A long raised road stretched in front of us, the canal and the lagoons on the left, a narrow dyke and a forest of palms on the right.

The mud huts belched sudden, excited Arabs. A tall fellow in a khaki-grey coat, with a Tommy's brown woollen comforter on his head, a gun slung over his back, came running. Shrill chatter, dogs barking, women swarming, children screaming. Suddenly they recognised Wise Bey. The notes of protest changed to a shrill chorus of greeting. We stopped the car. Wise Bey got out. Then began the game. The women—handsome, dark creatures, with beautiful Nilotic features, their foreheads encircled with gold bands from which dangled a dozen tiny gold coins, laughed childishly, fell into a rough line, opened their mouths, pointed, chattered. I wondered what was coming.

From his shooting pocket he produced bags of sweets, tossed them in the air, laughing. One



H.M. KING FAROUK'S SHOOTING CAMP AT DAHSHUR



"A MYRIAD WADERS PADDED DELICATELY ON THE SHORE LINE"

after another the women caught them like puppy dogs catching biscuits, their men folk encouraging them, prodding them. This was the usual opening gambit.

We drove on, the head *ghaffir* (watchman) standing on the running board, three or four more trotting behind in the dust. We stopped at a bridge over the canal, left the car and walked along a grass-grown causeway fringed by dense, high belts of reeds. To the left lay pool after pool, broken by reed beds. To the right was low swampy ground, tussocky and brown, runnels of water and small sudden splashes gleaming here and there.

On the nearest big pool, perhaps forty acres, a myriad waders paddled delicately on the shore line. Curlew, redshank, green-shank, grey plover, dunlin by the hundred, spur-winged plover, sandpipers—I stood and stared, like that gentle poet, Mr. W. H. Davis, content only to stare. Far out on a mud bank pintail rested in the sun, their handsome heads tucked under their wings. Herons fished immaculately. Shoveller swam in all the green and white glory of full plumage. Mallard were not merely by the score, but actually by the hundred. Teal sprang up restlessly, circled sharply. They never were able to understand how to take life easily.

A marsh harrier swept low over the reeds above me, the fleeting shadow of his wings sharp against the burnt grass. We took a few pictures—there were so many to take—and walked on. In a sudden break in the reeds I found a small square wooden platform with a balustrade surrounding it—the King's stand.

Three and four hundred duck in the morning to one gun is not uncommon at that stand. I stood for a moment in the place where some of the biggest individual bags of duck in present-day sporting history have been made. The shoot lay before me, a flat, idyllic expanse of water, reed beds, tiny islands, gleaming channels, and tenuous threads that showed silver among the bordering marshes. To the right the desert broke away, the pyramids of Dahshur stood boding. A heat haze shimmered on the edge of the sand.

There are wolves—tawny, sandy beasts, bigger than a jackal, bushy-tailed, in those billows of desert. The hyæna howls at night. Fierce feral cats, barred like a Scotch wild-cat, live in the rough ground between the lakes and the desert. An eagle sailed over, wings outspread motionless, gliding in a mile-long plane. He lit on a low bush on an island far out. I watched him through the glasses. Almost the size of a golden eagle, he had a white pate, a hunched, brooding air. The bushes on that island concealed one of the concrete shooting pits which the King had put down this year. They spent £280 on six of them.

We moved on down the causeway. And suddenly, whether it was the white gleam of a *galabiah* through the reeds or the urgent memory of the shooting of two days previously, the duck were up. With a thunder of wings like the sound of a breaking sea on a shingly beach, they swept back and forth, a black thundercloud above the line of palm trees. The telephoto lens followed them like a gun. Hundreds, thousands of duck were in the air.



THE PYRAMID OF DAHSHUR—EGYPTIAN GEESE, DUCK AND SPUR-WINGED PLOVER ON THE WING

Geese rose in a long wavering line. Then the waders were up, flashing, turning, the dunlin sweeping back and forth like blown spray, dipping suddenly, their white underparts showing like a shower of falling shillings.

"Not a bad lot of fowl," said Wise Bey unconcernedly. "But you should have been here a month ago. You couldn't see the water in places, it was so thick with fowl. Had the King shot the place then they could have had two thousand duck in a day."

There are some shooting men in Egypt who complain that young King Farouk, one of the keenest sportsmen alive, does not shoot his lakes at Dahshur often enough. Their plaint is that when other men shoot on Fridays—the day of doom for ducks in Egypt—the duck repair by common instinct to the Royal lakes, there to ride out the battle in safety. But King Farouk is doing a great service to bird life in that country where the Greeks, the Italians, the Armenians, the Syrians, the Turks, and the semi-Turks once a week conceal themselves to look like reed clumps,

set out their flotillas of decoys, and belch showers of lead into the brazen sky.

Dahshur is a paradise for the few who shoot there. A paradise for the duck, who find there an almost idyllic retreat, and even more a paradise for the wandering ornithologist fortunate enough to be privileged to see this unforgettable pageant of a wealth of wildfowl undreamed of, unguessed, in an England that bartered such memories two hundred years ago for the wealth of cornfields, the uninspiring monotony of potato land.

I walked back through the prickly scrub on the desert edge pondering. An old grey donkey squelched noisily in the boggy land by the lake shore. The eagle brooded on his island bush a hundred yards away. Suddenly he rose, towered above the lake and hung for a moment, then swooped like a thunderbolt on the paddling jack. The donkey gave one terrified upward glance at that thunderbolt of feathers—and broke all Donkey Derby records for the pyramids and home. The eagle banked again, sailed blandly away. I think I heard him chuckle.

A CASUAL COMMENTARY

HORSE SHOW AND GYMKHANA

SOME six weeks ago it seemed that the village had reached the utmost peak of glory when half the Kent eleven came with angelic condescension to play cricket against it, and hit the ball into woods and over hedges and bowled good-natured googlies that did not google. Now it is not quite so certain. For myself there is still no question, but then I am not horsey. To those who are it may appear that we have scaled even dizzier heights because we have had a Horse Show. Yes, here where I have always regarded a horse as almost as rare as a stream of water (we deal in cart horses and duck-weedy ponds), there has been a Horse Show and Gymkhana. Furthermore, speaking as an entirely ignorant person, I must admit that it was "all very capital."

To such an ignorant person no doubt some things make an appeal which the sophisticated take as all in the day's work. There was, for instance, the gentleman in the tall hat and the long red coat, who blew fanfares on his beautiful, long, slim, shiny horn, heralding each fresh competitor into the ring. He reminded me, fantastically enough, of the tournament in "Ivanhoe." From a green van at one end of the field there issued at intervals heart-stirring noises as of one crooning. That stood for the "sound of a wild barbaric music" from the tents of the Challengers. It was "answered by a solitary trumpet which breathed a note of defiance" from the other end, and the new champion paced into the lists. Doubtless it was but common form; nevertheless that constantly recurring moment never ceased to thrill. The red-coated herald remained, even till I went home to tea, a creature of infinite romance.

Then again, I was bored when the judges looked too conscientiously at the horses' legs, and I was more excited by the children than by the grown-ups. Even Staff-sergeant Somebody, who won the Open Jumping with a flawless round, was not so enthralling as the small parties in the "Children's Equitation Test." They all or nearly all wore blue velvet jockey caps, even as did Miss Tillie Venner who took the heart of poor Wressley of the Foreign Office at a hand gallop in "Plain Tales from the Hills." One of them had green gloves and another bright yellow gloves, and they were all delightful. Neither green gloves nor yellow gloves won; the famous and rather older young lady in the pigtails was too good for them all. Even to my unseeing eyes she was very good indeed, and at the end of the event it was always she who caracoled round the ring with the red badge of victory between her teeth, while somebody else held the blue flower of second place, and yet somebody else the white. Only in the Children's Jumping was she hard pressed. There was a tie with a faultless round, and then another tie. At the third attempt she had a fault—or was it half a fault?—and her rival with one jump to go seemed to have the prize in the hollow of her hand, when that tiresome pony, who had leaped it like a deer before, suddenly refused—a sad ending to a great duel.

The horse is a noble animal, but say what you will, it can be an aggravating one. Why will it behave like a demi-semi angel at one moment and like the very reverse in the next? There were times when I fully understood why the modern Greek does not use the fine word that we learnt in our youth. He no longer calls his horse "Hippus," which would, as I imagine, to-day correspond to calling it a prancing palfrey; he speaks of it as "Alogon," thereby implying a well founded doubt as to its intelligence. His master or mistress has surely great need for patience on occasions and, I am bound to add, displays that virtue to admiration. There was, for instance, the competition for the "Handy Horse Class," though in that to be sure, it was the inanimate objects that seemed the more perverse.

In particular there was the opening of the gate, the riding through it, and the shutting of it again. The horse did not much like the gate, and the gate liked nobody; it took a positive delight either in not swinging far enough, if pushed gently, or in swinging back again at the critical moment if given an honest bang. As to the loop of string that fastened it, no collar-stud (the most aggravating thing I can think of) could have behaved with more impish malice, and all the while the poor rider wrestled with it in calm despair, the precious sands of time were running out against him. That gate was an "alogon," an unreasonable beast if ever there was one, but it was great fun too, if sometimes almost unbearable for the looker-on. The young lady with the pig-tails won, if I remember rightly, and this time in grown-up company. There was no stopping her.

There was another inanimate object which almost rivalled the gate in point of deliberate malice. This was the thin lath which, in the jumping competitions, was laid along the topmost bar of the five-barred gate. Time and again horse and rider appeared well and truly over, and then it was seen that that confounded lath had fallen. It was rather like watching a high jumper who gets over with barely a touch, and is on the ground again looking up at the quivering bar, when it makes up its mind to tumble. I suppose the horse, being in some respects a sensible beast, does not jump any higher than he needs to clear the gate, and the lath is outside its calculations; or for all I know, it may enjoy the sensation of just touching the top of the gate with its hoof, as if to say to it in passing, "Yah! you can't catch me!" It cannot be expected to know that it costs a niggling little half-fault.

While the more solemn and serious events were going on in one ring the Gymkhana was going on in the other. There were "bending races" in which the competitors curved their way in and out of a row of stakes, and then galloped pell-mell for home. There was "Children's Musical Chairs," which I did not see and so cannot say whether it possessed that true nightmare quality which belongs to the game as played indoors at juvenile parties. There was a Fancy Dress Race which was a little disappointing, and consisted, as far as I could see, of the competitors putting on and taking off their trousers at stated intervals, and struggling in and out of pink and blue coats. Finally there was the Donkey Derby. In "Ivanhoe" the tournament was followed by "bull-baiting and other popular amusements, for the more immediate amusement of the populace," and the donkeys supplied this felt want. There were some half-dozen of them, and the race was run in a number of heats. The jockeys in each heat were different, but the poor donkeys were always the same. Therefore those who rode in the earlier heats had the best of the fun, for the donkeys, who had begun by cantering, unanimously resolved that it was possible to have too much of a good thing, and towards the end could with difficulty be induced to trot. They were followed by a promiscuous band of supporters, who urged them on from behind, and the jockey who had the most enthusiastic supporters generally won the heat. That is to say, as far as any one could be said to win it, for there seemed to be an agreeable informality about the finishing post. Indeed this race was rather like the Caucus-race in "Alice in Wonderland." It will be remembered that the Dodo suggested it as a means of getting dry to the animals who had fallen into the pool of Alice's tears. The race course was marked out "in a sort of a circle" (the Dodo said that the exact shape did not matter) and "it was not easy to know when the race was over." However, in the end everybody got a prize and presumably some people got prizes in the Derby. I should have given them all to the donkeys.

B. D.

PUTTING A POLISH ON GUNDOGS

THE EFFECTS OF FIELD TRIALS ON SHOOTING

By A. CROXTON SMITH



A GROUP OF POINTERS AND A SETTER BELONGING TO LORNA, COUNTESS HOWE
Note the old type of pointer head

FOR the germ that led to the fructification of the field-trial movement we most probably go back to General Hutchinson's classic work on "Dog Breaking," towards the end of which is a letter from Mr. J. Lang, the Hay-market gunmaker. There Mr. Lang, with the object of improving pointers and setters, suggested the setting up of "a sort of committee of sportsmen (thorough judges) to investigate into the pedigree of dogs, and express their opinion of the make, nose, durability, etc., of the several animals submitted to them; that prizes might be awarded or stakes hunted for; and books kept of the pedigree of the several competitors, much in the same way as such matters are managed with greyhounds."

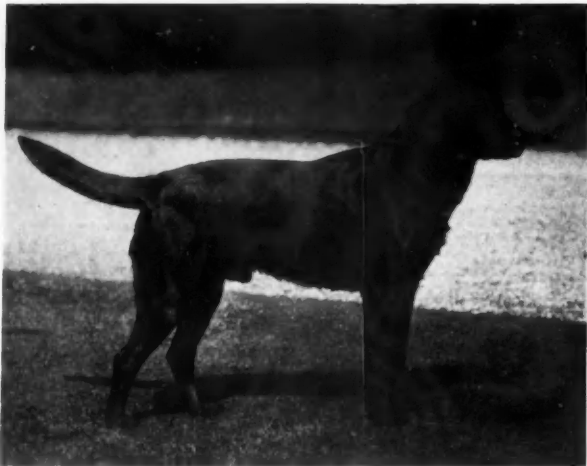
Mr. Lang went on to remark that from his experience not one dog in twenty was worth keeping, which is on all fours with the opinion of Mr. Daniel, that fine old sporting parson, who told us at the beginning of last century that of at least four-score spaniels which he had bought, all with the best of characters, he had only been able to keep four brace, the rest being condemned to the halter for incorrigible hare-hunting. As showing how little was often expected in those days, he mentioned an advertisement for a brace of spaniels that gave as their *sine qua non* qualification that "they must know their names and be able to bear confinement."

In those days the breaking of gundogs was left principally to keepers; some of them knew their business, but there were more that did not. Mr. Lang thought that not more than one gentleman or keeper in a thousand understood it, to which opinion General Hutchinson added a footnote to the effect that it was

because they had not been taught how to teach. Here we have the crux of the whole matter. A man who contemplates becoming a schoolmaster goes to a university or training college. We do not expect the trainer of gundogs to go to such an expense, but if he is to be successful he must have a *flair* for the work, a way with a dog, and an extensive experience of a technical nature. Obviously, large numbers of puppies start life on equal terms as regards natural ability. What they are to become later on will depend upon the kind of instruction they receive.

Of a few trainers it may be said that they have graduated in honours, while the majority are content with a pass degree or have not even reached that state of attainment. One could reel off the names of the first-class trainers without much difficulty, and it is from them that we expect to find the dogs that win at field trials. Thanks to the attention now being given to field trials, the ranks of these skilled men are swelling.

Mr. Lang's desire for public tests reached a partial fulfilment nine years later, when the first dog show that ever was took place at Newcastle-on-Tyne, for pointers and setters. In 1865, six years afterwards, field trials for the same breeds were inaugurated. In those days specialised retrievers were not much more than in the making, but the demand for them increased rapidly. Even then, shooting men made no attempt to improve them by public competitions. It is true that one or two tentative efforts were made, but the actual beginning of trials for retrievers and spaniels was not earlier than 1890, when they met with some opposition on the grounds that it was impossible to devise tests that would give equality of opportunity and serve any practical purpose.



T. Fall

A FINE LABRADOR: CH. CHEVERELLS BEN
OF BANCHORY



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MRS. HARVEY'S LABRADOR RETRIEVER,
CH. BRIDGET OF HARPOTTS

Well, we think very differently now, nearly eighty meetings being held in the course of the season, most of which are for retrievers and spaniels, which is evidence of the importance attached to their usefulness. A few take place in September, but the fullest months are October, November and December.

They are so well distributed that residents in any part of the kingdom have the opportunity of witnessing one or more without going far from their homes. Two events stand out conspicuously because dogs that have done best at certain earlier meetings are entitled to run at them. They are the Retriever Championship, organised by the International Gundog League, and the Spaniel Championship of the Kennel Club. The former will be held at Margam Castle, South Wales, on December 14th and 15th, and the latter some time in January over the same estate. The judges for the retrievers will be Lord Vivian, Major M. Portal, and Mr.



LORNA, COUNTESS HOWE'S POINTER, BANCHORY IF DES HERMONETTES



MR. H. S. LLOYD'S COCKER SPANIEL, EXQUISITE MODEL OF WARE

Chosen as the best of all breeds at Cruft's Show this year, and winner of the "Country Life" Challenge Cup for the best sporting dog

a friend who had shot for many years, I gathered that in his view the dogs of keepers have improved beyond all recognition. Nowadays they are so well trained that the pick-up at shoots is done much more expeditiously than it used to be. An immense amount of time over a season must be saved in this way.

Apart from that, wounded game that was often left over until the following day is now gathered at once, owing to the guns themselves taking more interest in their dogs and having a desire to have retrievers of their own. Women and others who own field-triallers are glad to take their dogs to shoots for the practice that it gives them. The work of spaniels of a generation or two ago will not bear comparison with that of the present day. Who would have believed that they could reach such a state of perfection? At one time it was thought almost impossible to keep spaniels under control. It was through a visit of Mr. William Arkwright to the late Mr. Isaac Sharpe that field trials for this breed were instituted. Mr. Arkwright was amazed to see what proper training could do for them, and a sight of Mr. Sharpe's team made him realise the deficiencies of the general run, and he decided there and then that owners and keepers must be educated.

Perhaps trials have done less for pointers and setters than the others. There are not so many people who run their dogs in braces; and backing, upon which so much stress is laid at trials, does not come into the picture in ordinary shooting. I have heard it said that Lorna, Lady Howe's extraordinarily fast pointer, Ginger of Rishangles, is handicapped because he does not let the judges see what he can do in the way of backing, the reason being that with his pace and fine nose he usually finds the game, and therefore does not get the opportunity.

Ernest E. Turner. Mr. Turner will again officiate at the Spaniel Championship, in conjunction with Mr. T. Gaunt.

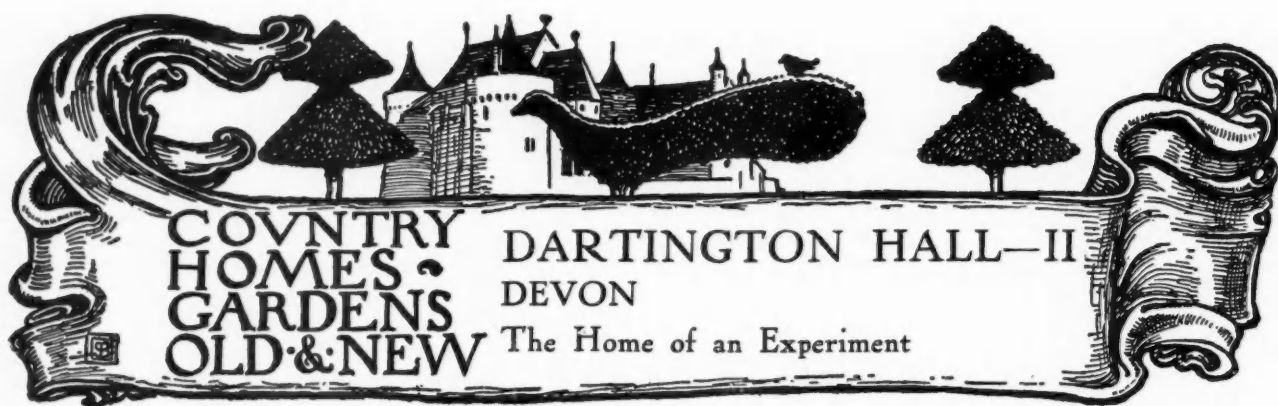
What has been the effect of all these trials on shooting generally? There can, I think, be but one answer to the question, most being agreed that gundog work is now on a much higher level of efficiency than it used to be. We should not tolerate the slipshod methods of seventy or more years ago. The influence of trials has operated in several ways. First, it has raised the standard of training appreciably, and in this way it has been the means of educating keepers and others. Then it has been the means of creating a race of dogs bred from the best for some generations, puppies from which are usually to be had for moderate sums. Naturally, owners of field trial kennels are unable to keep all that they breed, and are content with taking reasonable prices for those that are unwanted. In the course of a conversation with



T. Fall

BANCHORY RITA, ONE OF LORNA, COUNTESS HOWE'S POINTERS

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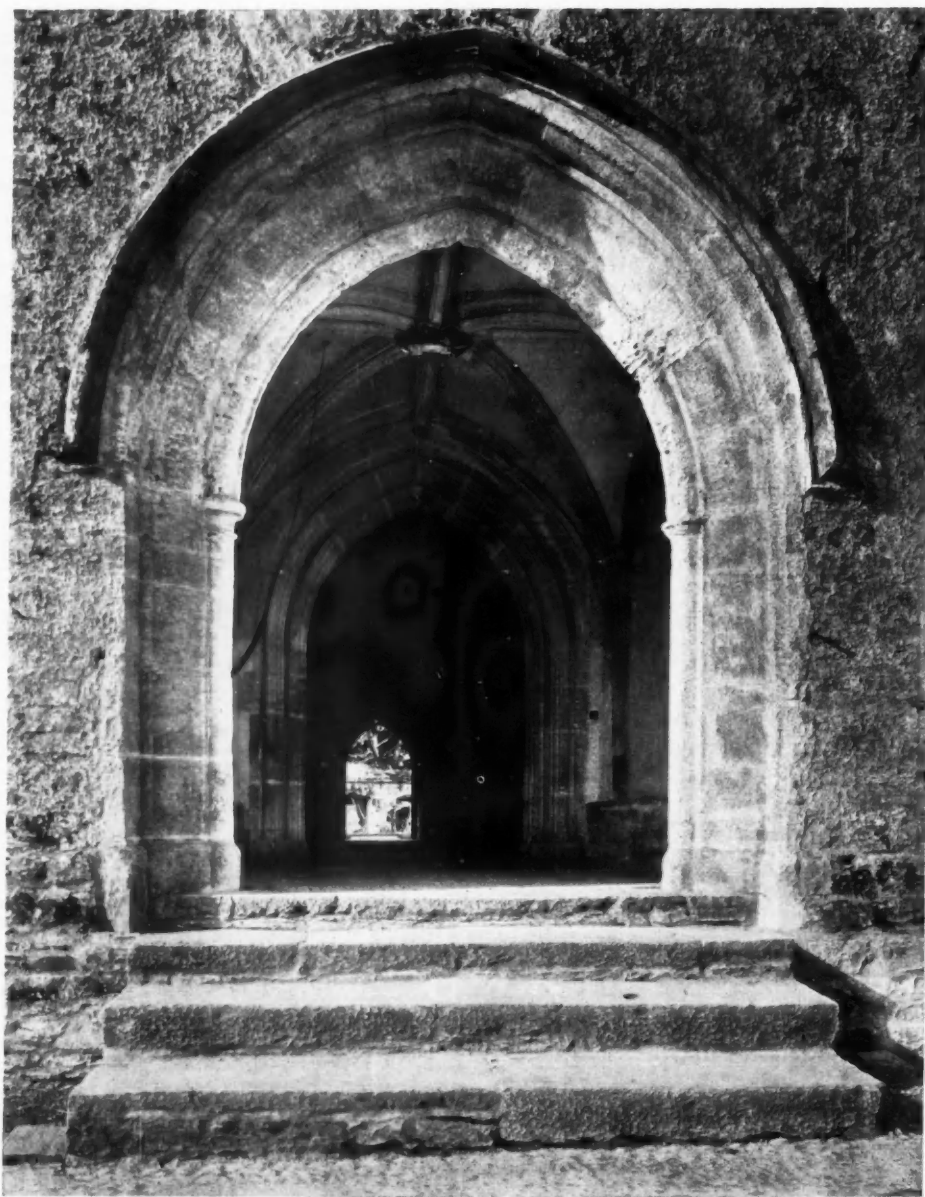
The Great Hall and kitchen, built by John Holland, Duke of Exeter, circa 1390, have recently been re-roofed, and the other buildings repaired as befits one of the most remarkable and largest manor houses of the Middle Ages.

IN the hall porch of Dartington John Holland set up a white hart, the badge of his half-brother, Richard II, displayed on a Lancastrian rose (Fig. 1). And well he might, for Richard was a good friend to him, in spite of grave provocation. There had been the mysterious case, in 1384—the year that the King gave him Dartington—of the Carmelite friar who accused John of Gaunt of high treason, and whom Holland, in

company with other knights, proceeded to “liquidate” in his prison cell. His next homicide, of the Earl of Stafford’s son during the expedition to Scotland the following year, made such a stir that it could not be overlooked, and all his possessions were confiscated. During a brawl in camp at York between Holland’s retainers and those of Sir Richard Stafford, the Earl’s son, one of Holland’s squires was killed. Whereupon the

hot-headed young man sought out Stafford, who knew nothing of the affray, and, meeting someone in the dark, ran him through the body, this person, so it proved, being Sir Richard Stafford. The King was furious, and Holland would probably have been hanged had he not taken sanctuary in Beverley Minster. As it was, the news of her son’s crime and outlawry is said to have killed the amiable Princess of Wales.

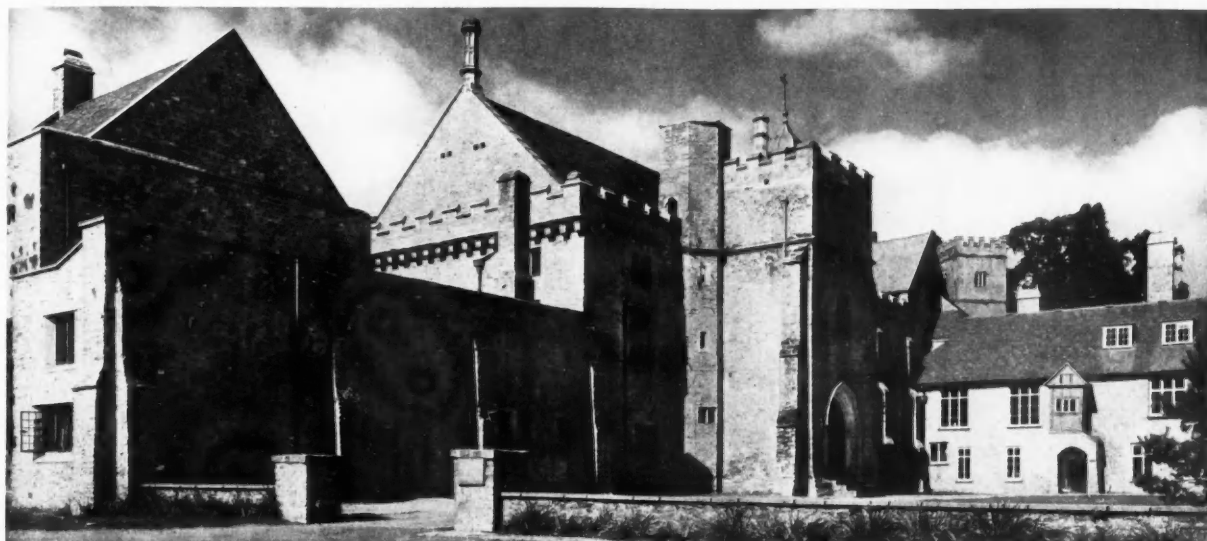
Richard forthwith transferred Dartington to his friend, Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, whom he created Marquess of Dublin and soon Duke of Ireland, “till he should conquer Ireland and hold it in peace.” The grant was evidently intended to help finance Richard’s ill-conceived scheme for asserting his authority in Ireland, the extravagance of which did much to excite the animosity against him that culminated, eighteen months later, in the brief civil war of the Lords Appellant. By that time Holland had been forgiven on condition that he joined John of Gaunt’s expedition to Portugal to win the crown of Castile. Just before sailing (1386) he married his leader’s daughter, the Lady Elizabeth. He must have been in Spain till at least 1388—Lancaster did not get home till the following year—where his pugnacity found ample outlet in both fighting and jousting. In that year Dartington was again included in a gift of lands in Devon and Cornwall, made by Richard to John Holland, when he created him Earl of Huntingdon. They had become available the previous winter, when de Vere, with a force raised on Richard’s secret instructions, was defeated at Radcot Bridge on the Upper Thames, his lands forfeited by the “merciless” Parliament,



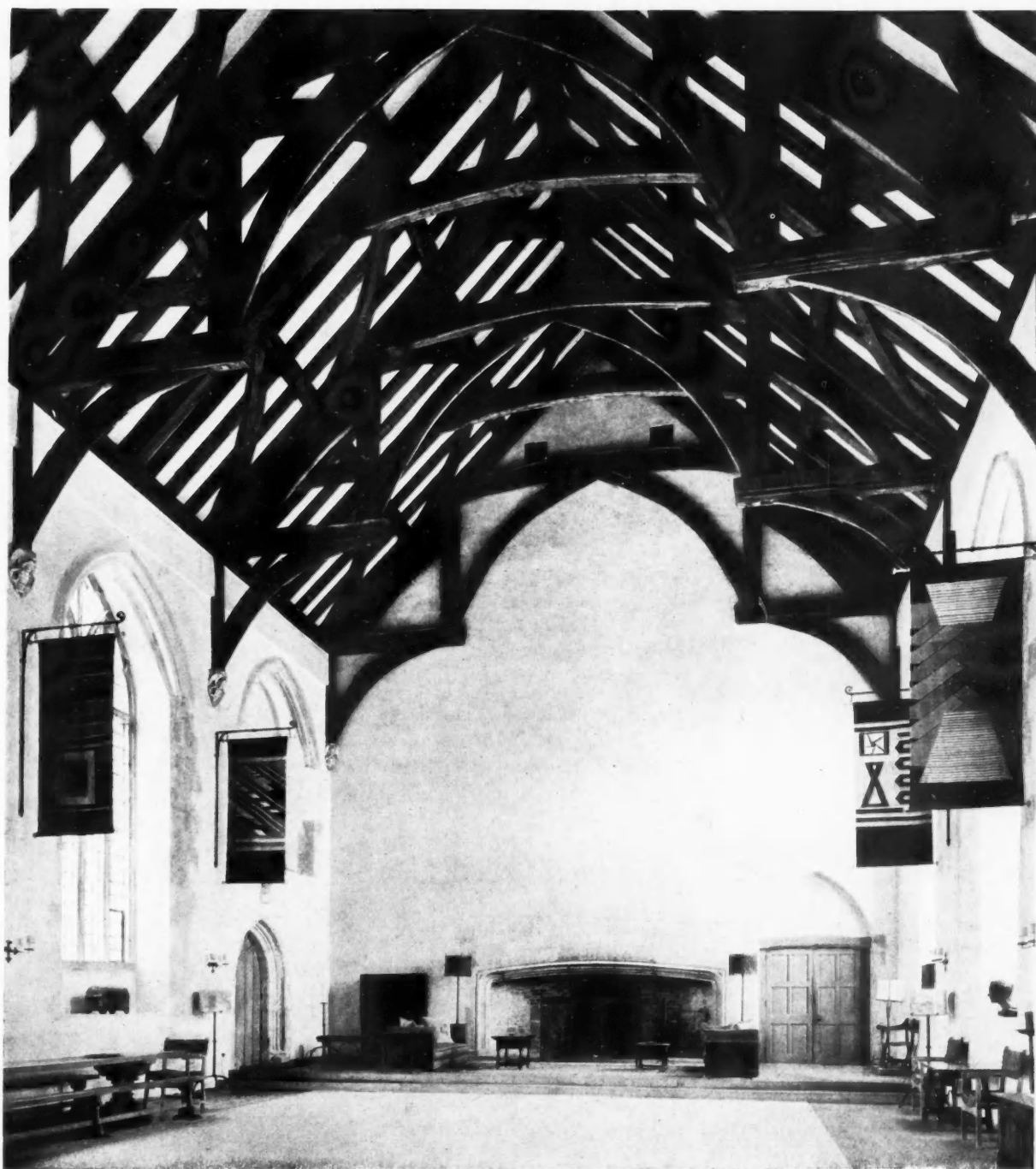
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“Country Life”

1.—THE HALL PORCH, WITH RICHARD II'S BADGE ON THE VAULT



2.—THE KITCHEN AND HALL BUILDINGS FROM THE SOUTH-EAST



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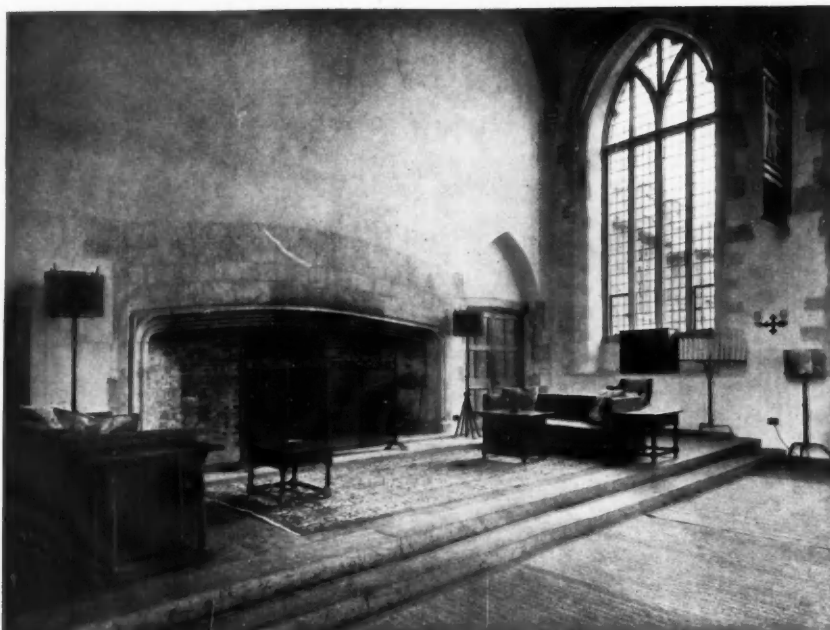
3.—THE GREAT HALL, RE-ROOFED ACCORDING TO A SILHOUETTE OF THE TUDOR BEAMS WHICH SURVIVED IN THE END WALL

"Country Life"

and he himself outlawed.

In the same year (1388) we have the only documentary reference so far unearthed to the building of Dartington: a grant by the Dean and Chapter of Exeter of "slates" from the quarry in Staverton. Unless building had been going on during Holland's absence and De Vere's titular possession of the place, work cannot have been very far advanced, though it must be remembered that the small Martin building was in existence (as it still is) and may have been hastily extended at this time, pending construction of the new Hall. This seems the likely explanation, the more so since there now followed nearly a decade of peace both at home and abroad, a "golden age" when, as Sir Charles Oman tells us, the general feeling was one of cheerfulness and security, in which men could build confidently, and the chroniclers were reduced to eking out their meagre annual survey with plagues of gnats, portentous storms, narratives of tournaments, and miracles wrought by obscure saints.

This psychological background helps to explain the essentially unwarlike character of the great manor house that the warlike Holland proceeded to erect. Last week we saw how the early fourteenth-century house was extended and duplicated, to afford lodgings for his semi-royal retinue round the courtyard. The new western block was altogether bigger in scale, reproducing in Devonshire the proportions and character of what may be called the metropolitan architecture of the day: the royal castles and great halls of the home counties. The plan and dimensions, even some of the details, correspond extraordinarily closely to



4.—THE DAIS END OF THE HALL SHOWING A TUDOR FIREPLACE AND WINDOW

as at Penshurst; and, though the kitchen has disappeared there, it evidently occupied the same position as it still does here (Fig. 10). At the other end of the hall was a transverse wing, remodelled later, that no doubt contained the lord's solar on the first floor, and a cellar below. On the analogy of Penshurst, the arch in the far left corner of Fig. 3 gave into a curving stairs to the apartments, the other doorway being probably of Tudor date. The ladies' bower seems to have been above the pantry at the screens end of the hall.

Very extensive Tudor alterations were made to the hall, probably at the time of its acquisition by the Champenownes in 1554, when the buildings had evidently got out of repair in the years of neglect after the failure of the Holland line during the Wars of the Roses. The mediæval accommodation, too, no doubt proved out of date. The bedrooms and the bower—the latter with a slit window looking into the hall—were on two floors over the pantry and buttery, approached by a small spiral stair, and perhaps in the porch, where an Elizabethan moulded ceiling survives. Their fireplace flues rise to the beautiful original

Sir John Poultnery's hall buildings at Penshurst, dating from 1341. The Dartington hall is 68ft. by 37½ft., that at Penshurst 64ft. by 39ft. The entry (Fig. 1) is very similar, though more severely "perpendicular" at Dartington; incidentally, the outer arch mouldings are reminiscent of those on the porch at Cothay in Somerset ("English Homes," Period I, Vol. 2), for which evidence of fourteenth-century date is accumulating. Within the screens there are the same triple arches buttery, kitchen, and pantry



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5.—THE SCREENS PASSAGE, WITH DOORWAY TO PANTRY, KITCHEN AND BUTTERY



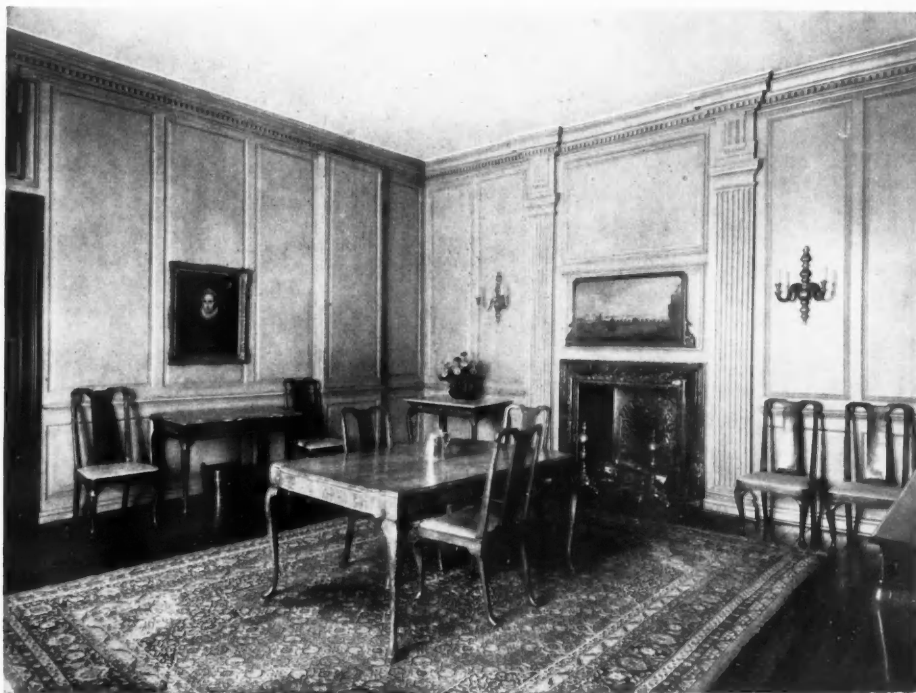
6.—THE OLD KITCHEN, RE-ROOFED, NOW THE COMMON ROOM

"Country Life"

chimney on the hall gable. Though separated by the hall from the main living-room in the north wing—the usual place for the solar—this is the position in which the master's and mistress' rooms are found in the smaller contemporary manor house of Cothay. The Champenownes remodelled the solar wing for living purposes, overlapping one bay of the hall where the solar stairs had been. The huge fireplace, 16ft. wide, is in the end wall (Fig. 4). From its character it was probably inserted in the late fifteenth century, prior to which there would have been a central hearth, as at Penshurst and Eltham, of which the smoke ascended to a louvre. The present window tracery was introduced by the Champenownes, though the mouldings of the inner arches are obviously original, resembling those at Penshurst. On that analogy and from pieces of tracery dug up in the course of restoration the windows will have contained pairs of transomed lights, probably with trefoil heads and a quatrefoil at the apex, the whole set in a more gradual splay, as is the case in the blocked window and in, for instance, the contemporary Winchester College Hall. Much of the splay was cut away to make room for the wider, lighter Tudor windows, the degenerate Gothic tracery of which is characteristic of the time.

But the chief Champenowne reconstruction was that of the roof, and it is their sixteenth-century hammer-beam roof that has been reproduced by Mr. Weir from the silhouette of it that was preserved on the dais-end wall. It had probably become infested with death-watch beetle when Archdeacon Froude, who was trustee to a youthful Champenowne *circa* 1810, had it destroyed. He also removed all the old pews and panelling out of the church, and, no doubt, the original hall screen. The latter has been replaced by a solid if plain construction of oak.

Had not the impression of John Holland's roof also been faintly traced on the end wall of the hall, one might have been tempted to regard its hammer-beam successor as the original. It would have been just possible, chronologically, for the hammer-beam principle to have been tried out here by its probable discoverer, Hugh Herland, the King's and Chancellor Wykeham's Master Carpenter, before its unprecedented and unsurpassed demonstration in spanning the seventy feet of Westminster Hall in 1394. Moreover, as Mr. John H. Harvey has recently suggested (*Journal of the R.I.B.A.*, June 13th, 1938), a slightly earlier experiment had probably been made of the method in



7.—ONE OF THE EARLY GEORGIAN ROOMS



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8.—THE STAIRCASE HALL FORMED EARLY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

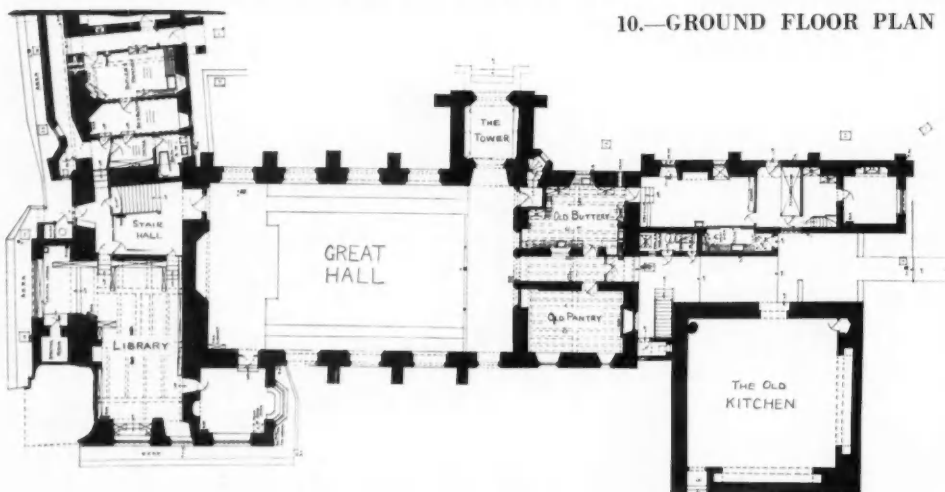


9.—LOOKING INTO THE COURTYARD THROUGH THE HALL PORCH

the roof of the hall at Kenilworth Castle for John of Gaunt—Holland's father-in-law. It is said that the arms of Richard II and Holland adorned the roof destroyed by Froude, which is curious if it was only built in 1554.

However, in the plaster at the east end of the hall there is the impression of a huge beam, carried from wall to wall, supporting a king post. Beams 40ft. long must have been dangerous, very inadequately reinforced by short trusses from the corbels, which, remaining *in situ*, were made use of by the Tudor joiner, and again by his modern successor. About 30ft. was the very maximum span normally possible with a horizontal collar, and even if here tree-trunks so long and thick were available as to span 40ft., the thrusts were very unsoundly lodged and would certainly have led to the collapse of the roof before long. Penshurst hall roof, with identical span, gets over the difficulty with arched trusses carrying collars of about 25ft. span on which the king-posts rest. The present roof is a remarkable piece of traditional carpentry, with oaks that may have been growing at Dartington when its predecessor was raised. But I should like some equally traditional angels or pendants adorning the hammer-beams. The angels on the corbels have the bobbed locks of the late fourteenth century and bear heraldic shields—except one, which is a Tudor substitute. The banners, the work of the Dartington looms, are introduced to break up the space somewhat—a punctuation that is certainly needed by the eye.

The great kitchen (Fig. 6), 32ft. square, is of the customary type—e.g., Raby Castle and Bodiam—with two 20ft. fireplaces, and windows in the corners flanking the flues. The large corbels on either side of each fireplace may have been to support hoods,



10.—GROUND FLOOR PLAN

as in the case of a modern one introduced, or for a beam to support spits. Possibly the functions were interchangeable. To the left of the south fireplace is a recess leading to a large drain descending to the dell, which was, however, walled up in Tudor times. The kitchen is now used as a common room and has been effectively floored with rubber squares.

John Holland, created Duke of Exeter in 1397 after Richard's triumph over his old enemies the Lords Appellant, was deprived of his title on the Accession of Henry IV. He might have lived to enjoy Dartington had he not been implicated in a plot against the new King, as a result of which he was apprehended and executed in January, 1400, his head being set up on London Bridge. Dartington was inherited, however, by a son and a grandson. The latter, the third Duke of Exeter, was reduced to such penury by the collapse of the Lancastrian régime that he was at one time seen begging food in Burgundy. He was left for dead on the battlefield of Barnet, and is next heard of a prisoner in the Tower. His body was, in the end, found floating in the sea between Dover and Calais, and it was suspected that he had met his end at the hands of Sir Thomas St. Leger,



11.—A GARDEN ORNAMENT BY WILLI SOUKOP

who had married his wife after she had divorced Holland, and was anxious to get possession of Dartington. As Lancastrian heir to the Throne, he was obviously as much in the way of Edward IV as of Sir Thomas, who duly entered into possession. St. Leger was ultimately hanged by Richard III.

After being successively in the possession of the Countess of Richmond (mother of Henry VII), Henry Courtenay (executed 1539), and John Aylworth, Lord Mayor of London, Dartington was acquired by Sir Arthur Champernowne, a younger son of the ancient family seated at Modbury and elsewhere in the West Country. His alterations to the house have already been referred to. It was probably his descendant who was among those who welcomed William III at his landing at Torbay, who again "modernised" the living-rooms north of the hall. Beyond the doorway seen on the right of Fig. 2 is an Early Georgian staircase hall (Fig. 8), which leads to a suite of delightfully panelled rooms in the north wing (Fig. 7). After the death in 1766 of the last Champernowne of Dartington in the male

line, the estate and name passed to a son-in-law, Arthur Harrington. It was his son, Henry Champernowne, to whom Archdeacon Froude was guardian and who, in after years, considered employing Pugin to re-build the house, actually remodelled the Elizabethan living-rooms, and is still remembered for his discerning patronage of the early water-colour painters of Devonshire. Owing to losses brought about by agricultural depression and other causes, the estate was at length broken up and sold between 1919 and 1921. The Hall was bought by Mr. and Mrs. Elmhirst in 1926, since when the remarkable reconstruction described has gradually been carried out.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

COUNTRY LIFE IN THE SEVENTIES—A REVIEW BY A. L. ROWSE

Kilvert's Diary. Edited by William Plomer. (Cape, 12s. 6d.)

THIS is a delicious book, and Kilvert is a real literary discovery. Last year there came to light some twenty-two notebooks containing the diary of this young Victorian clergyman, and of these we are given selections from the first eight in this volume. I find it fascinating reading; for, even apart from a liking for diaries in general, this one has quite exceptional qualities. It gives an extraordinarily sensitive and observant picture of country life in the 'seventies, mostly of Radnorshire and central Wales, where Kilvert was a curate, but also of the West Country, for his home was in Wiltshire, and during this year, 1870-71, he visited a good deal in Cornwall, Devon and Somerset. But, more important, he wrote like an angel; he had a distinct literary gift, for prose rather than verse—though his verses are quite charming too. The result is an addition to literature. In an odd way, the discovery of this unknown curate reminds one of the resurrection of Gerard Hopkins, though Kilvert was a gentler, less striking genius than that. The nearest thing to it in character that I can think of are the exquisite Journals of Dorothy Wordsworth. I do not know if they were in print by Kilvert's time; if not, it is a striking parallel; he certainly had a great admiration for the Wordsworths.

Kilvert came from a good old West Country family; and, though he spent most of the years covered by his diary as a curate in a remote part of Wales, he did not think of it as exile, but lived a very full and enjoyable social life. He was a welcome guest at all the country houses round, especially at Clyro Court, in his own parish, with the family at which he was on friendly, affectionate terms. He clearly had great social gifts, though he had a real gift for solitude too, and can say: "I have a peculiar dislike to meeting people, and a peculiar liking for a deserted road." He was an out-of-doors man, who liked riding, fishing and, above all, walking—that favourite pursuit of the intellectually minded. Not that he was an intellectual; he doesn't appear to have been a great reader; his reactions to public events—the Franco-German War, the Mordaunt case—were conventional enough. He was something more and better than that; he was an artist, with a passionate love of life.

He noticed everything; and his position as parson opened all doors to him. It is safe to say that very few people could have kept such a diary. It was not only the life of the country gentry that he knew, but of all the country people—farmers and their labourers, the villagers, the poor. He notes their superstitions and beliefs, their good looks—he was extraordinarily sensitive to physical beauty whether in women or men, though particularly in girls—a susceptibility which he shared with Lewis Carroll, whom he knew. He was no less attracted by natural beauty, by mountains and hills, birds and flowers. But he was an artist in expressing his passion. The Diary is full of such passages as this:

The peewits were sweeping, rolling and tumbling in the hot blue air about the tall trees with a strange deep mysterious hustling and quavering sound from their great wings.

Or this, which reminds one of Hopkins by its phrasing:

Last night there was a sharp frost, the crescent moon hung cold and keen, and the stars glittered and flashed gloriously. Orion all in a move of brilliance.

There is a beautiful passage describing what he calls the Easter Eve Idyll—the custom of dressing the graves in the churchyard with flowers on Easter Eve—and concluding with an astonishingly imaginative phrase:

As I walked down the Churchyard alone the decked graves had a strange effect in the moonlight and looked as if the people had laid down to sleep for the night out of doors, ready dressed to rise early on Easter morning.

It was a very varied, pulsating, natural life in that Welsh countryside which he observed so lovingly. There was always something interesting happening in Clyro; there are stories enough in the Diary to make a short-story writer's reputation. And Kilvert's account of the funeral of his great-aunt, Miss Maria Kilvert, the house in the College Green at Worcester, the haughty, unfriendly servants who knew that the wilful old lady was leaving her money away from the family, the service, the Canons, the reading of the will, show that the diarist had the makings of a remarkable novelist in him—perhaps a Trollope.

What would he have become had he lived? With his social gifts, perhaps a canon, or an archdeacon? But that we shall never know; he died when he was still under forty, leaving behind him this exquisite Diary and a few poems. But we are grateful for what we have, for he is a real addition to the Victorian age. And oh! what nostalgia that peaceful Victorian life gives one to read about—archery and croquet on the lawn, tea under the trees, picnics on the unspoiled Cornish coast, grapes and claret on a grassy bank, pleasant dinner-parties at Clyro Court, the busy, kindly life centring round the Church. The characters of the Diary have a greater reality than all but the best novels; they have the substance of life, and live in the imagination. When the volume ends, one has a keen sense of regret; one wants to know more about them. It is to be hoped that Mr. Plomer and Mr. Jonathan Cape will satisfy our expectation with the least possible delay, by publishing the rest of the Diary. We have no doubt that it will take a place among the classics of that genre.

Africa Emergent, by W. M. Macmillan. (Faber and Faber, 15s.)

THE African problem, in Professor Macmillan's view, is "nothing less than to bring civilisation to Africa—life more abundant for all its inhabitants, some two million odd Europeans, a few thousand Arabs and Indians, as well as the enormous Negro majority." How is this to be accomplished? Only, he thinks, by helping the backward people to attain a standard of development such as to fit them to take their place in "the full comity of civilised nations." Professor Macmillan's own sympathies are plainly strongly Negrophile in character, and occasionally his bent in that direction finds expression in such phrases as "the so-called 'rebellion' in Mashonaland." But as a whole both his favourable and his unfavourable criticisms are fair and unbiased, and even those who do not agree with the conclusions he draws from the data he has gathered will find in the data themselves much valuable help in forming their own opinions on this difficult and complicated modern problem. On one point Professor Macmillan is strongly insistent, and in this particular he is at one with many of those on the spot who would assuredly not see eye to eye with him on many other respects. "To concede totalitarian demands," he concludes, regarding the former German colonies, "would be a betrayal of the trust for civilisation."

C. FOX SMITH.

A King in Toils, by J. D. Griffith Davies. (Lindsay Drummond, 12s. 6d.)

THOSE of us who are not historical experts are too liable to think of "The Georges," meaning the first three kings of that name, as an indistinguishable mass, and to excuse ourselves for any failure to keep them unmix by the reflection that they were, after all, "foreigners" to begin with, and therefore naturally all alike and incomprehensible. Mr. Griffith Davies has succeeded in plucking one of them—the middle one—out of the trinity and, by concentrating on the personal relationships of his life, making him a real and at times a touching figure. All his life George II had somebody bossing or attempting to boss him—from his unpleasant father in childhood, through ten years of his wife and Walpole, down to "the terrible Mr. Pitt" at the end of his reign. What the author seeks to establish, and largely does establish, is that George II, although never a great man or a great king, was an honest man and a better king than many people imagine. We know him better for reading this book.

V. H. F.

Rebecca, by Daphne Du Maurier. (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.)

AN air of artifice, a self-consciousness, a false simplicity lies like a mist all about "Rebecca." It is never dispersed by the lovely breeze of humour or by the bracing wind of reality. The novel is immensely long, written in the first person by a heroine who remains irritatingly and unnecessarily nameless to the end, and it lurches along for three-quarters of its length to a creaking Victorian machinery of melodramatic hint and horror and piled-up pathos. Miss Du Maurier lavishes description on her too young and innocent, too lank-haired and school-girl-nailed damsel; and those nails, in particular, end by getting on our nerves, for the girl is for ever biting them, with occasional intervals for polishing them. It is all terribly theatrical and forced; the heroine cannot even walk on a bit of beach without remarking: "My feet made a queer crunching sound as I crossed the shingle." Why queer? Which of us could make any other sort of sound? Why mention it at all? However, after three hundred pages, the book does acquire something of the virtues of a good thriller, and from then onwards we do at least want to know what happens in the end, although both hero and heroine remain incurably figures without a breath of life in them.

V. H. F.

The Doomsday Men, by J. B. Priestley. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

IT is a far cry from "The Good Companions" to "The Doomsday Men," for Mr. Priestley's latest book is a "thriller" rather than a "mover." It is, however, a good thriller, and, as is his wont, Mr. Priestley has made excellent use of his travel note-books, particularly in describing the Californian mountains, deserted and terrible, where the latter half of the story takes place. His hero and heroine meet on the tennis courts of the French Riviera, and an attempt to discover what is the shadow which hangs over her and threatens to separate them brings him to America, where by lucky chance he meets two other men who—one from a rather laudable scientific curiosity and the other from motives of revenge—are following the same trail. Three crazy but powerful brothers, one a remarkable physicist, who intend, each for different reasons, to destroy all life upon the earth, are the kernel of the secret society which they discover. The day of the earth's destruction is the last of a most entertaining and exciting tale, excellent reading for a holiday journey.

Birthday Party, by C. H. B. Kitchin. (Constable, 7s. 6d.)

FOUR characters take their turns four times in writing this novel, and admirably they do it, partly in letters, partly in their written thoughts and recorded conversations. Before we are half way through, we know each of them intimately, although it takes longest for Isabel Carlise, "a hyena with the mask of a gracious old lady," as she casually describes herself, to reveal the passion of her life, and to achieve it with a sinister mixture of plotting and of mere "willing" that it shall come to pass. The book is that best kind of thriller, a psychological one. The widowed Dora, middle-class, commonplace and comfort-loving, is as real as her elegant, formidable sister-in-law, Isabel; and Dora's brother, Stephen Payne, hovering on the knife-edge that separates genius from insanity, is drawn with as sure a hand as Ronnie, the Communist undergraduate, whose life is the last one standing between Isabel and the fulfilment of her ambition. Mr. Kitchin has had the courage to rescue the novel-in-letter-form from the obloquy into which it has fallen—the deadly obloquy of being old-fashioned—and has given it a crisp, modern twist that exactly suits his subject and style.

V. H. F.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

MARLBOROUGH, HIS LIFE AND TIMES, Vol. IV, by the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill (Harrap, 25s.); ENGLISH POETRY, by John Drinkwater (Methuen, 6s.); ARM THE APOSTLES, by Rom Landau (Nicholson & Watson, 3s. 6d.); THREE HOMES, by Lennox Robinson (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.); FICTION: SPELLA HO, by H. E. Bates (Cope, 8s. 6d.); DR. BADLEY REMEMBERS, by Francis Brett Young (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.).

ENGLAND'S HISTORY ON THE VILLAGE SIGN



A WELCOME movement, initiated by the King when Duke of York, is leading to the erection of village signs. For the most part they represent the name of the village or an historical or symbolic event connected with it. There does not seem to be any precedent for these signs, though in some cases a village has for centuries had some symbol connected with it which forms an obvious subject for a sign, or the memory of a reputation for a trade or industry in days gone by. An instance of this is Abinger Hammer, near Dorking, of which the name still commemorates one of the Wealden ironworks. Records show the Shere and Abinger ironmill to have been active 1557-1670, and still in existence, though not necessarily working, early in the nineteenth century.

The sign at Abinger Hammer, erected at the end of last century, is fixed on the wall of the village institute and takes the form of a clock, the chimes of which are struck with a hammer wielded by a blacksmith fashioned in wrought-iron. An inscription on the clock reads "By me you know how fast to go," and above is a design featuring all the tools used by a smithy in his calling. The village sign at Mayfield, Sussex, shows two men tugging at a chain, and the old Weald rhyme comes to mind:—

Master Hugget and his man John,
They did cast the first cannon.

It is an established fact that Ralph Hugget (or Hogge) cast the first cannon in 1543 and his old forge can still be seen in a lane between Rotherfield and Hadlow Down close by.

Fordwich—the ancient port of Canterbury and now a tragedy of Thanet's receding tide—has a handsome sign of carved wood, painted in brilliant colours, and shows an old viking boat riding the waves—the coat of arms of the "borough." Fordwich was an important borough from 1292 to 1884, and a list of mayors can still be seen in the quaint little half-timbered Moot Hall (Town Hall) on the river bank.

Villages with legendary symbols include Biddenden, in Kent, and Swaffham, in Norfolk. The "Old Maids" of Biddenden were Eliza and Mary Chulchurst, two eccentric ladies who brought fame to the village. They were born in 1100 as Siamese twins and attained the remarkable age (for Siamese twins) of thirty-four years before one of them died. Being "greatly attached" to one another, as twins usually are, the other would not allow herself to be dissected saying, "as we came together so will we also go together," and died within six hours of her sister. In their wills the "Old Maids" bequeathed to the Churchwardens

of Biddenden and their successors "certain pieces or parcels of land" of about 20 acres and let at 40 guineas per annum so that all visitors on Easter Sunday could be given a cake impressed with their portraits. This ceremony is still observed although the twins have been dead for over 800 years, and anyone who cares to present himself at the village hall at Easter will receive his souvenir biscuit.

"Ye Tinker of Swaffham, who did by a dream, find a great treasure," is the inscription on the beautifully carved and coloured sign which stands in the centre of the village. As the result of a dream, John Chapman, a fourteenth century pedlar (or tinker), tramped to London with his dog and there unknowingly met a stranger on London Bridge. The stranger told that he had dreamed a strange dream of treasure buried under a tree in a tinker's garden at Swaffham. The pedlar hurried back home post-haste, dug beneath his tree and, sure enough, he quickly unearthed a pot of money. Digging deeper still he came upon a yet richer hoard.

This story sounds incredible, yet in the parish records it is stated that part of the church was actually built by "John Chapman, the Swaffham Pedlar," and "the Tinker's house" is still pointed out, though handsomely re-built in the late seventeenth century.

Ringmer, a South Downs village, exhibits a double-sided sign on which are shown the names of famous people who have resided there, as well as the mileage to Lewes and Hastings. One of these names is Gulielma Springett, the wife of William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, who lived here. Her father, Sir William Springett, a Puritan soldier who fell at the Siege of Arundel, has a monument to his memory in the church. Another name on the sign is that of Gilbert White, 1720-1793, who studied the tortoise here previous to writing "The Natural History of Selbourne." Also mentioned are Ann Sadler, 1636, and John Harvard, a further link with our American cousins and founder of the famous Massachusetts University which bears his name.

It is only natural that St. Christopher, the patron saint of travellers, should figure on some—notably at Treyford, near Midhurst in Sussex, and at Shalford on the "Pilgrims' Way" near Guildford. At Treyford there is erected a really beautiful wood carving of the saint bearing the Child and painted in brilliant colours. Beneath is the following verse:—

Who carried Christ, speed thee to-day,
And lift thy heart up all the way.





Widdecombe-in-the-Moor naturally displays "Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all" astride Tom Pearce's grey mare. Tom Cobleigh was a real character in those parts, who lived to the ripe old age of ninety-six and was buried in Spreyton (Devon) churchyard on March 6th, 1794. The sign consists of a panel of twenty coloured tiles framed in wrought-iron and set on a stone pier.

Kirklees, near Huddersfield, possesses an attractive modern sign in mosaic stone, but unfortunately it seems to be rather neglected lately, as a few of the squares are missing. This sign shows Robin Hood, clad in his costume of Lincoln green, in the act of shooting an arrow from his bow.

The famous outlaw is something more than a legend here. Born in 1187 and named Robert Fitzooth (or Fitzodo), Earl of Huntingdon, he at last fell victim to a disease and sought the aid of the Abbess of Kirklees Priory, who treacherously bled him to death. While on his couch he sent for a bow and directed that his grave should be dug at the spot where the arrow fell. His grave can still be seen in the grounds of Kirklees Hall, on which is the following inscription in old English:—

"HEAR UNDERNEATH DIS LAITL STEAN,
LAZ ROBERT EARL OF HUNTINGTUN,
NEER ARCIR VER AZ HIE SA GEUD,
AN PIPL KAULD IM ROBIN HEUD,
SICH UT LAW AZ HE AN IZ MEN,
VIL ENGLAND NIVR SI AGEN."

He attained the age of eighty-seven.

A sign with a humorous twist can be seen at Halton Holgate in

Lincolnshire, where a pun has been made of the name of the village. On this specimen is painted a barred gate and a church at the end of a winding lane, while two men are assisting uphill a wagon drawn by a white horse, and heavily laden with a "tun" (or barrel), hence: "HALT, TUN"—and further a pig is seen squeezing through a small hole in the gate: "HOL(E) GATE."

The late King George V presented a beautifully carved village sign to Wolferton, near the Sandringham estate, on which is pictured a reference to a local Norse legend. It shows Tyr, the god (in golden armour), with his arm down a grey wolf's throat (representing Fate).

At Westcott, near Dorking, the sign takes the appropriate form of a dovecot and signpost. At Mill Hill an excellent ironwork sign, designed by Mr. Martin S. Briggs, and executed by Messrs. Galsworthy, represents an equally appropriate emblem.

At Bentley, Hampshire, a sign is displayed with both originality and purpose, for a large board, protected by a thatched roof, is used to tell the complete history of the place, dating back to before the Conqueror who assigned the district to one "William the Archer" (*vide* the Domesday Book). A carving of this notable is perched on the top of the thatched roof.

Bentley was a village of some importance years ago, as its forests provided the oak for many a famous man-o'-war. An equally important fact was that Bentley was situated on the "Pilgrims' Way," and also on the Phœnicians' "Tin Highway" from the west to Thanet.

Of the signs mentioned here, those at Widdecombe, Shalford, Mayfield and Biddenden each qualified for a prize in the contest originated by the present King.

P. H. LOVELL.

GOLF BY BERNARD DARWIN

REVEALED AMBITION

RE-READING a few days ago Ian Hay's wise and delightful book "The Lighter Side of School Life," I came across a passage on boys—and grown-up boys—that seemed singularly applicable to golfers. "What a boy admires most of all," he says, "is ability to do things, naturally and spontaneously. He worships . . . ability to handle a bat or gun, or control the movements of a ball, with dexterity and—ease. Great emphasis must be placed on the ease." He then goes on to point out how much more lightly this power is esteemed, if it be reinforced by the taking of pains. One boy says that it was "pretty useful" of Dobbin to have taken six wickets, to which another answers: "Oh, that rotter. Last year he could hardly get the ball within a yard of the crease. I hear he has been spending hours and hours in the holidays bowling by himself at a single stump. He's no earthly good, really." What a true ring there is about that "really"! We must all have said something very like that when we were young, and also perhaps when we were old enough to know better. The author adds that there are some boys who succeed in deceiving their small world, in that they appear to be doing things without taking trouble when, in fact, they take plenty. Of them he says: "That they are not really deceitful or pre-tentious, but they are members of a society in which revealed ambition is not good form."

The boy is father to the more or less grown-up golfer, and till lately at any rate the golfer did not, if he could help it, reveal his ambition to be a better golfer. He who went out practising assiduously and studied text-books, was always regarded as more than a little ridiculous. At one time I had a habit of going out by myself with a single club and a pocketful of balls (generally without the success that attended Dobbin),

and I was always perfectly conscious, as also perfectly unresentful of the covert smiles of my friends. Nor, I admit, is such merriment surprising, for there is something absurd in the spectacle of a solitary person in the distance scrutinising his own knee or elbow with the utmost solemnity and making mystic passes with his club. He is revealing his ambition in an essentially laughable manner. I said carefully "till lately," because to-day, I think, golfers not only take more trouble to learn, but in particular, take it far less secretly. They take so much that it is quite rare to find a promising golfer who is not "under" some eminent teacher, and a meeting of young players is sometimes rather like that of middle-aged cripples in the Pump-room of a Spa, in which everybody swears by his favourite doctor and compares prescriptions.

Once a year I come across a particular piece of evidence of this most overt painstaking. I think I have mentioned it before, but that is not necessarily fatal, let me hope. When I go to stay at Worplesdon for the Mixed Foursomes, my natural way to the clubhouse is along the fairway to the eighteenth hole. A few years ago I used to take a club with me, and reveal my modest ambition by hitting a few preliminary shots as I went, but there was nobody else there, either to see this revelation or to get in the way. To-day, when I have no club with me but a shooting-stick, I find that road quite impassable, because rows of men and maidens are indulging in quick-fire practice down the course. I therefore diverge to the fairway of the fifth hole, and even so my life is far from safe, for there are always one or two of the ambitious there also. In fact, I am practically cut off from the clubhouse by a ring of fire and must needs stumble among heather and birch trees to escape the bombardment.

It is obviously right and proper to have practice shots if

it does them good, and sensible that they should not hide them. Yet I fancy that many of us still retain our boyish prejudices in so far that we have an especial admiration for those who are less laborious. Let us trust that this is not entirely the same feeling which condemned poor painstaking Dobbin. There is, as a rule, a freedom and an attractiveness about the style of the "natural" golfer which is often lacking in that of the more conscientiously made player. There is something in it which appeals to our aesthetic sense. He makes it look an easy game, and that is an irresistible quality. Yet there are always exceptions to this rule, and at the present moment there is a most conspicuous one in the shape of Henry Cotton. No golfer that ever lived has more openly revealed his ambition by the taking of an amount of pains of which few people would be capable. No golfer makes the act of hitting look more simple, easy and graceful than he does. It was not so once, when he was still in the throes of study. There was, for instance, a time when he seemed to be hitting the ball a little too elaborately "from inside out," and the ball itself described too obvious a turn from right to left. It was a remarkable exhibition of control, but it hardly looked simple or elegant. To-day, when the ball has only the veriest suggestion of a curl on it, art has completely concealed art, and the result is the perfection of apparent ease.

I suppose that this year's victory in the Walker Cup affords evidence of our being more grown-up, and so the more inclined to be honest about our ambitions. We wanted to win before, but did not like to show it by taking enough trouble. This year's Selection Committee did take a great deal of trouble; they were backed up by the players and the result was most cheering. Yet I cannot help foreseeing some difference between two schools of thought in the future, especially in those years in which there is no Walker Cup match. The one school will want to continue in some way the policy of trial matches, and the other will deem this carrying a principle too far. So at least I fancy, but I may be wholly wrong.

In the case of all games it is no doubt very difficult to draw the line. There does come a point at which it seems to many people that a game can become too laborious. I confess that sometimes when I see golfers spending hours at a time under some distinguished and exigent professor, if not under several of them, and hitting off innumerable balls, I feel a little like the youthful critic of Dobbin. Still this is a free country, and at any rate those assiduous slaves are being perfectly open and honest about their ambitions. Moreover they are taking pains over something, and that is doubtless better than taking pains over nothing.

LONDON ENTERTAINMENT

THE THEATRE

THOU SHALT NOT (Playhouse)—A play adapted from a Zola novel, as this is, has one definite disadvantage to contend with. The essence of Zola's art was the effect achieved by the accumulation of a great number of small details of fact and observation about people and things, and, outside the page of a lengthy novel, such an accumulation is only possible in terms of cinema. It is instructive to recall Jacques Feyder's famous film of the same name, in which, by meticulous attention to these very points, he did succeed in achieving a genuinely Zola-esque atmosphere. The stage, which is *au fond* an essentially immobile unit from this point of view, cannot achieve the necessary freedom. Its force must lie in the interplay of personalities and of the ideas which those personalities can embody or express; and, in the case in question, the result is bound to be somewhat crude. It is, stripped of its appurtenances, an extremely sordid story. A woman and her lover murder the unwanted husband; they evade successfully the suspicions of the law, but are destroyed by the stressful poisons of their own consciences, which find an outward and visible form in the shape of the murdered man's mother—paralysed, aware of the truth, and implacably malevolent. Thanks largely to the forceful performance of Nancy Price as the mother, the play at times achieves higher qualities than the sordid melodrama of *Grand Guignol*; Cathleen Nesbit and Henry Oscar work valiantly at the difficult parts of woman and lover; and a welcome, but all too rare comedy relief, is provided by Morris Harvey and Bromley Davenport.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

At Monday's Wagner concert Parry Jones and Oda Slobodskaya are singing the Love Duet from Act III of *Siegfried*, Senta's ballad from *The Flying Dutchman* and the Prize Song from *Meistersinger*. The orchestral works include excerpts from *Parsifal* and *Lohengrin* in what is primarily an evening of vocal interest. Schumann and Schubert provide an exceptionally interesting programme on Tuesday. Jelly d'Aranyi plays the Schumann violin concerto, and Maurice Cole the pianoforte concerto, while one may expect a stirring performance of the Schubert C Major symphony under Sir Henry's vigorous baton. Wednesday's Bach concert is primarily a Brandenburger evening, but those who tend to leave at the interval would do well on this occasion to remain and hear Benjamin Britten's *Variations on a Theme by Frank Bridge*, which preceded by a few months his remarkable piano concerto which recently had its first performance at the Proms. Britten is undoubtedly the most interesting of the present generation of British composers. Thursday brings a mixed bag, including Elgar's violin concerto, played by Jean Pougnet, Strauss' *Death and Transfiguration*, Cesar Franck's *Symphonic Variations* with Leslie England as soloist, and Roussels interesting but slightly inconclusive *Flemish Rhapsody*.

THE CINEMA

GANGS OF NEW YORK (London Pavillion)—The mechanics of this film reach high levels of competence. It embraces the proper phrases, varying from "He wouldn't trust his own mother" to "From now on the rough stuff's out." It contains the proper gangsters—old friends from the casting department's Gangster List. It dispenses liberal doses of furious driving, hard shooting and off-screen torture. It points gentle fun at the police, pokes the District Attorney in the ribs, pats the mouth-piece-lawyer on the back for his adroitness in obtaining discharge orders for arrested gunmen; but for all this it ends on a stern and unequivocal statement of the righteousness of the G man and the baseness of the gangster. It tells a good, straightforward adventure story of a policeman who disguises himself as an imprisoned Big Shot, assumes command of his gang, convenes the rival Big Shots at a round table conference under the pretext of a grand amalgamation, and thus, with the timely help of a large number of additional policemen, successfully cleans up all the major rackets in the city at one fell swoop. It provides an agony of suspense as Charles Bickford, perfectly made up as "Rocky" Thorpe (in point of fact he doubles the parts) faces the peril of being detected successively by the henchmen, the dog and the "moll" of the man he is impersonating. It is well acted, and dexterously produced. As an evening's entertainment, particularly for those who like their movies mild, it is wholly admirable.

Beyond this it does not go. The day of the screen gangster is done; his romance, his honour, his toughness have long ago been exploited to the full with incomparable skill and sincere feeling. And after the riotous and highly caustic funeral provided for him by Damon Runyon in "A Slight Case of Murder" it is unwise to exhume his exhausted body.

Other Films

Saint of New York (Carlton)—This tale of a heaven-sent racket-breaker (Luis Haywood) who leaves New York littered with the bodies of dead villains, is the first of a series of mystery thrillers by Leslie Charteris. Robin Hood in modern dress.

Yellow Sands (Regal)—The famous Eden Phillpotts play directed by Herbert Brennon, with Marie Tempest, Wilfred Lawson and Belle Chrystall in the cast. Stage plays do not often make good films and this, through no fault of its authors', is no exception.

Kaiser of California (Studio One)—Luis Trenker as the tragic J. A. Sutter, Swiss farming pioneer in California, who was overwhelmed at the moment of success by the goldrush. Though similar in theme to "Gold is Where You Find It," this film is very different in treatment and equally well worth seeing.

Murder (Everyman)—Revival of Hitchcock's first sound film. One of the best films ever made in England. GEORGE MARSDEN.



NANCY PRICE AS MME. RAQUIN IN "THOU SHALT NOT" AT THE PLAYHOUSE THEATRE

THE ART OF SILHOUETTE



A GERMAN LADY, 1745



THE BURNEY FAMILY

THIRTY years ago," says Mrs. Nevill Jackson,* "few took an interest in shadow portraiture. Silhouettes were still made, but the art had fallen on evil days." In 1911 the same author published her "History of Silhouettes," with the names of 242 artists. In the

present magnificently produced and beautifully illustrated book, eight hundred artists have been recorded, and the majority given biographical notes. Mrs. Jackson, with the co-operation of a few collectors, is almost entirely responsible for the exploration of this shadow country, for which the book must long remain the definitive history and guide.

Shadow portraits got their name in about 1759 from Etienne de Silhouette, for a short time Finance Minister to Louis XV, who attempted to popularise portraiture of this kind (in which he was himself an amateur practitioner) as part of a far-reaching economy campaign. But their origin goes back much further. There are the Greek vases and cameos, and the shadow puppets of eleventh century Egypt (very similar to those of Java to-day). The earliest true examples of cut and pierced work Mrs. Jackson has found is on a sixteenth century Jewish Roll in vellum of the Book of Esther. Other "primitives," such as the elegant little lady shown above, are probably German where, throughout the eighteenth century, the silhouette was a rage. Goethe cut portraits of his friends and family. There was an amateur vogue at the same period in France but, in spite of a few brilliant exponents like Sideau, and the philosophical encouragement of Lavater, it was in England that the art found its spiritual home.

There were William Phelps (*fl.* 1788), Edward and Isabella Beetham (*fl.* 1780-1809), Miers and Field, and Hamlet of Bath, doing exquisite profiles, often shaded in gold or copper, before the French refugees Auguste Edouart and Francis Torond arrived on the scene. These two were the finest profilists who ever lived, and enlarged the scope of the silhouette to its fullest extent.

Torond specialised in exquisitely painted "conversation" pieces, but his work is rare. The late Desmond Coke owned many examples, which were burnt in the fire that destroyed his collection in 1919. Edouart, no less brilliant in "conversations," was not only amazingly prolific, but kept albums of duplicates of all his profiles, which are now in Mrs. Jackson's possession. Edouart, moreover, did not paint his profiles but cut them free-hand, with a matchless certainty and sense of character, at a time when various mechanical contrivances were debasing the art to the vulgar side-show it subsequently became.

It is from these "classic" silhouettes, of pure profile, that the examples on this page have been selected. The various introductions of bronzing and colour are degenerations, charming as they are. Mrs. Jackson includes all in her survey, among them reproductions in colour of apparently black officers with grey periwigs and scarlet uniforms by Buncombe, of Newport, I. of W.; and some of Spornberg's "cameos" in sealing-wax red and black on convex glass. Also a selection of silhouettes on china which Dr. Wall was applying at Worcester as early as 1759.



GOETHE IN COURT DRESS

* Silhouette, by E. Nevill Jackson. (Methuen, 42s.)



(Left) THE ARTIST'S CHILDREN, 1828, by Auguste Edouart. (Centre) SELF PORTRAIT OF EDOUART, CUTTING A SILHOUETTE OF LISTON THE ACTOR. (Right) LORD BYRON AT PISA, by Mrs. Leigh Hunt

CORRESPONDENCE

THE ABBOT'S OAK AT WOBURN

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Will you permit me to draw your attention to an historical error which occurs in the article "Forestry in the Shires," in your issue of August 20th, 1938.

It is now proved (see *Victoria County History, Beds.*, i, p. 309; and *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*, 4th Series, Vol. XVI, pp. 129-160) that Robert Hobbs, Abbot of Woburn, had no connection whatsoever with the Pilgrimage of Grace. His offence against the Crown was treason, for which he was tried at Woburn on June 14th, 1538, and condemned to be taken to the customary place of execution, which was the oak tree in Woburn Park, and there hanged. As he was attainted of treason, the Abbey lands became in the ordinary way forfeit to the Crown, so that the Abbey itself was never dissolved.

The lands remained in the hands of the Crown for nine years, until July, 1547. The manor, with the demesne, but no other property, was then granted in accordance with the wish expressed by Henry VIII in his Will, of which the Earl was an executor, by King Edward the Sixth to John, Lord Russell, at a yearly rent, which was subsequently bought up, in 1673, by the Fifth Earl of Bedford.—BEDFORD.

THE TREE-CREEPER'S SONG

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Not only is the personality of the tree-creeper overlooked, but also his song. It is not so very long ago since Bowdler Sharp could write, that "although we have been acquainted with this species from boyhood we have never heard a tree-creeper sing in England, although the Continental birds undoubtedly do sing." Which only goes to show what a poor observer he must have been: a gross misstatement handed on by a number of ornithological writers. Admittedly, it is an exceedingly difficult song to locate, for it is as much subordinated to the probing for insects, as are all his other activities. Indeed, I know no song so subservient to its background; it is lost in the thin cries of titmice and the reeling songs of golden-crests; but once the deliberate opening notes are familiar, it is hardly possible to overlook it. I might describe it as a cross between the songs of common bunting and blue titmouse: its sibilant, wheezy prelude falling gradually, to gather away swiftly, lose emphasis, and run away into nothing, like the flight-song of a courting ringed plover. I might transcribe it: *Tseeee-see-see-tity-ter-see-see*: a softer, higher-pitched song than the dunno's. There is a marked pause between the prelude and the diminuendo, so that another transliteration might be: *ee/ee/ee-ee-ee-ee-tsee-see*. I hear it first between the end of January and the middle of February, continuously in March and April, and on to the end of July.

Nor even can he spare time from his all-important work for proper courtship. As early as the middle of February—and, indeed, I have seen a pair working together on January 13th: a noticeable phenomenon of a species I always observe to be solitary in winter, or in company with goldcrests or long-tailed titmice, which in flight he somewhat resembles—I see three tree-creeper working on the beech trees by the river, and often flying out at each other, with sudden song: leaving their work, at febrile impulse, to clash in mid-air, sometimes two, sometimes three together: only to flit back to their separate trees again, at another impulse, for a brief spell of work, and then off again, chasing up and round and round the tree.—RICHARD PERRY.

"TRIBUTE TO A GOOD HOST"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—We read the tribute paid to Konrad in the Casual Commentary in your issue of August



KONRAD

27th, and think that perhaps you might like to see a photograph of him. Here he is accordingly on his lawn.—KONRAD'S OWNERS.

LITTLE CASSIOBURY

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—I must write to say how absolutely horrified I am at the news of the fate of the house at Little Cassiobury, illustrated in your issue of August 13th. Surely such a wicked piece of vandalism can somehow be stopped? Is there no way of preventing such a thing? Cannot the C.P.R.E. or the National Trust do anything? We talk of "enlightened days" and such things, and then put the power to commit a crime of this kind into the hands of people who do not scruple to use it. It is a sad sign of what our old England is coming to, after so proudly being called "a free country," and the "Englishman's home" being supposed to be "his castle." Cannot you do anything in this matter with all your powerful influence? —J. M. CALLEY.

[No more can be done against our modern bureaucrats than against the ancient despot who "did very abominably" and applied powers of compulsion to the acquisition of Naboth's vineyard.—ED.]

A GIFT TO INDIA

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—The accompanying photograph should, I think, be of particular interest to your Indian readers. It shows the new silver-gilt mace, an exact replica of the historic Charles II mace used in the House of Lords, which has been presented to the Indian Council of State by the Maharajahdiraja Sir Kameshwar Singh of Darbhanga. When the generous offer was made by the Maharajah Sahib to present the mace to the Council of State, of which he is a member, it was gladly accepted by the President, with the permission of the Viceroy, and Sir Howard d'Egville, the Secretary of the Empire Parliamentary Association, was requested to arrange for a replica to be made under his supervision. The permission of the King having been obtained, the work was entrusted to the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Co., Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, and it is now completed. The original mace used in the House of Lords is generally attributed to Francis Garthorne,

the King's goldsmith. In order that Sir Kameshwar Singh might be able to present his gift to the Council of State during the Simla Session, it was dispatched a fortnight ago by Imperial Airways to India. Thus another and most interesting link has been forged between the Mother of Parliaments and one of her children.—BENGAL.

"GOLFING GARDENS"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Darwin's article I find that the simplest method of making hazards is to treat all paths as running water. I have two courses here, one of eighteen and one of nine holes, quite good fun and excellent practice for the mashie. Of course divots must be barred but I do not find it necessary to tee the ball.—C. G. FIELD-MARSHAM.

ROE DEER AND ROADS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—In view of the very wild and wary nature of roe deer, the following incident may be of interest to your readers.

A pair of roe deer had for sanctuary a small birch copse, one side of which extended into a great expanse of primitive rush-covered bog. Along the opposite side of the copse the main traffic artery known to all north and south going motorists as A 6, passes.

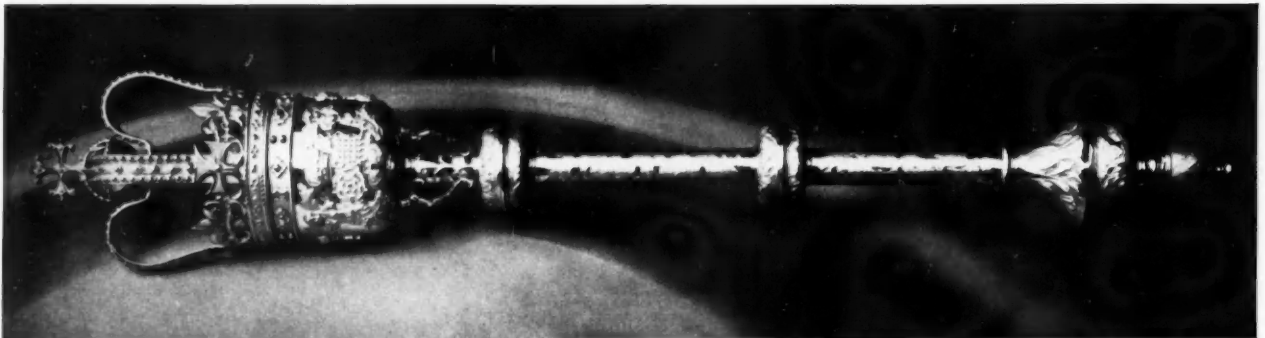
Beyond the trunk road and two small grass fields there exists a wooded valley of a small stream: a fertile and beautiful vale, full of timber and every toothsome tit-bit beloved of roe deer. While the birch copse was the roe's home and the birthplace of many generations of these shy and retiring animals, the Valley Wood was their world, where the fawns were taken when fit to leave the nursery.

But how so sensitive and wary creatures as roe deer, especially when burdened with the cares and fears inseparable from the responsibilities of parenthood, ever came to face the almost constant two-way stream of traffic which plied, night as well as day, over A 6 was something of a mystery, until one autumn evening when we saw it done.

Three deer—buck, doe, and three months old fawn—were standing apart and in the shadow of the roadside trees. All were facing the road. Broad beams and narrowing shafts of light flashed and flickered into the evening sky and along the polished band of tarmac. With a swirling roar the car rushed past the stationary deer. None moved; as far as could be seen, not an eyelid flickered.

Suddenly and simultaneously the deer bounded out of the shade and across the twenty yards of grass between them and the road. But only one, the buck, continued right over "no-man's-land" to hop lightly over the low wall into the field and safety. The buck had been standing twenty yards from the fawn, which was next in sequence, and thirty yards from the doe. The next oncoming motor was approaching from the female's side of the line, and the buck took advantage of his thirty yards safety margin to make the crossing. The other two, evidently well aware that they could not get clear in time, stood waiting, motionless. On sped the glare, and a noise like tearing cloth shrieked past them and away into the night.

In an instant both deer took the road, and in four leaps were across, the fifth carrying them over the wall to pursue the buck to Valley Wood, freedom and peace.—RITSON GRAHAM.



THE REPLICA OF THE MACE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS WHICH HAS BEEN PRESENTED TO THE INDIAN COUNCIL OF STATE

NOT TOO OLD AT FORTY

TO THE EDITOR

SIR,—This gander is over forty years of age, and his wife over thirty. For very many years he has appointed himself guardian of the poultry yard, attacking any stranger who approaches his charges. Every night, as soon as the last fowl has gone to roost, he knocks on the back door, asking to be shut up for the night. Lately he has contracted a new habit. If any of the fowls look ill, he pulls them down to the pond and literally drowns them. He has been seen standing on a hen in the pond, trying to drown her. He never attempts to destroy a fowl that is fit and well, but woe betide any fowl that is sick or ailing.—P. C. SAUNDERS.

A HEROINE OF THE SEA

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which shows several "relics" of the Darling family, whose name is being recalled at Bamburgh, Northumberland, in September this year by centenary celebrations of the rescue of the *Forfarshire* survivors. The wreck, of course, occurred among the Farne Islands, which lie off the rocky Northumbrian coast a few miles from Bamburgh.

On the left of the picture is a silver teapot given to Grace Darling and her mother by the President of the Humane Society, after news of the thrilling rescue had spread through the country. Next to it is a saucer—the only whole piece of crockery recovered from the wrecked *Forfarshire* by the divers, who then gave it to the heroine. The large Bible on the right was the gift of the people of Kirkcaldy, some of whose menfolk were among the rescued, and the watch was one of several articles which the Duke of Northumberland presented to Grace Darling because of her bravery.

The remaining item is a teapot-stand, ingeniously made from William Darling's tunic buttons after he had retired from service at the Longstone Lighthouse.

All these and many other Darling "relics" are preserved by Mr. W. G. Dixon, a farmer of Bamburgh, who is the great-nephew of Grace Darling and her nearest surviving relative. Mr. Dixon is always willing to show his treasures to visitors. He lives at Wyndings House, the very place to which William Darling (father of Grace) came after his retirement and which is stocked with much of the lighthouse furniture.—G. B. WOOD.

A GRATEFUL WOODPECKER

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Early one wet morning, a certain elderly lady of my acquaintance was surprised to see a greater spotted woodpecker cling to the top rail of her garden fence. The bird was be-

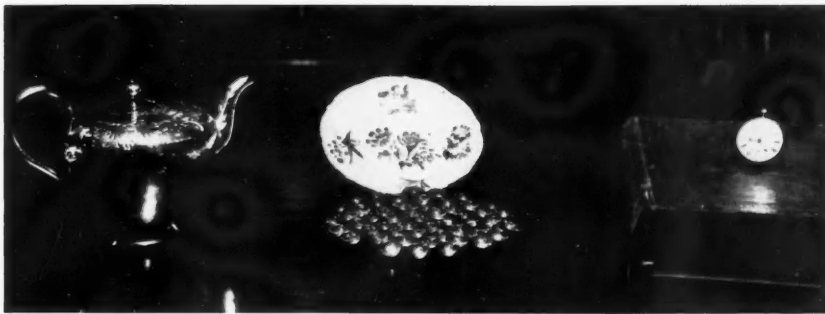


AVAUNT!

dragged and incapable of flight. The beak was open and, apparently, could not be closed.

My informant took the woodpecker indoors. A match was wedged in the mouth. Perhaps the red tip had been mistaken for the head of some insect, or for the end of an earthworm. Not without difficulty, the obstruction was removed. Bread and milk were offered, and partaken of readily. Later in the day, earthworms and maggots were obtained, and these were eagerly devoured.

The woodpecker climbed about the furniture, flying from chair-back to chair-back and from one picture-frame to another. Its strong bill was employed upon the window-



GRACE DARLING RELICS

frame and the door, in a futile search for insect food. A piece of wood, riddled with the tunnels of a species of boring-beetle, was reduced to splinters.

The handsome guest was allowed the run of the house for a couple of days. Almost from the first moment of his being brought in he was remarkably tame, and perched upon his friend's shoulders.

On the third morning, the lady opened the back door, and the woodpecker flew out, but returned some few minutes later and settled upon her shoulder. Here he remained while she walked to the end of the garden path and back, a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards.

This delightful bird, although now fully capable of flight, does not show any inclination to leave his friend, and follows her about the house.—CLIFFORD W. GREATORIX.

AT THE MONASTERY OF ST. NILUS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—At the tenth century monastery of St. Nilus at Grotta Ferrata, near Rome, there is a famous book hospital where experts are always busy mending the precious books and priceless manuscripts confided to their care from all over the world from the Vatican down to humbler owners. We were allowed to enter the book hospital and see the "patients" literally in splints—strips of paper carefully pasted to keep the mended pages in place, weights on a binding, and book surgery in all its phases. Many of the books and MSS. were of great value and age: in some the edges seemed almost to have crumbled away.

The monastery contains another attraction to lovers of ancient things. In a corner of the narthex of the chapel is a stone font, which cannot be later than, and is probably about, the seventh century. Standing on imposing lions, the font is covered with realistic sculptures suitable to its subject. From a height a figure is seen hurling himself with complete abandon into the waters of baptism; and on the other side another figure, also from a height, is successfully fishing. The fish that dangle from his rod are, of course, the souls of the righteous, saved through baptism. Like all very early Christian sculpture that seeks to



A SEVENTH CENTURY FONT

teach by its realism, these scenes are carved with much spirit; the very roughness of their execution seems to enhance the effect. There is little difference between the seventh-century sculpture and that of the first and second that we see so graphically carved in the Roman catacombs.—DOROTHY HAMILTON DEAN.

OXEN AND SHEEP AS PALS

TO THE EDITOR

SIR,—Recently I was down at my cattle dip watching some of my neighbour's oxen coming over the veld, and noticed there were some sheep with them, and told Mr. W. J. Breytenback, who was with me, and he explained that it was a merino ram and two ewes that never left the oxen night or day, actually sleeping with them, and each had its own particular chum. He said he had tried keeping the sheep in shed and feeding them, but it made no difference, for directly they were let out away they went and always found the oxen.

As the oxen were driven into the catch pen it was a job keeping the sheep out; they ran round to where oxen were entering the dip in single file, and waited for their pals to pass, and they actually spotted them and tried to get through the rails, and one had to be hauled back by a leg. When the last ox went into the dip the sheep baa'd and baa'd and ran alongside the wall to where the oxen were standing, draining off, and patrolled up and down. The oxen put their heads down and noses through the rails, and the sheep and oxen licked each others' noses, which really was kissing each other, without a doubt, for the sheep chuckled and baa'd as they did it.

These three sheep will have nothing to do with other sheep, and Mr. Breytenback told me they were Cade lambs and brought up by hand.—GEO. W. LUNT, E. Transvaal.

A PLUME OF FEATHERS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—I thought this uncommonly fine plume of feathers might be of interest to some of your readers. Feathers found in the splats of Windsor chairs are usually merely fretted; occasionally they are ornamented with minute turned roundels (one for the curl of each feather) of ebonised pearwood; very seldom are they carved at all. Though even better plumes may, of course, be found in fine Hepplewhite mahogany chairs, the plume here shown is, in my experience, unique for a Windsor chair in its qualities of balance and detail. Oddly enough, it graces no fine yew armchair, as one might expect, but a common ash-hooped single chair which can boast no other merits.—COTTAGER.



ON AN ASH-HOOPED CHAIR

NEXT WEEK'S RACE FOR THE ST. LEGER PASCH, AN UNSHAKEN FAVOURITE

IS the St. Leger that is to be run on Wednesday next just a routine matter of the favourite, Mr. H. E. Morriss's Pasch, going to Doncaster and racing round the Town Moor a little faster than the others to appropriate the prize? Such wagering as there has been on the race suggests that it is. Since the colt won the Eclipse Stakes so handsomely, no other star has risen above the horizon to attract the eye. Goodwood showed us nothing, and the important York meeting last week suggested only one, Mrs. Murray's Glen Loan, who won the Great Yorkshire Stakes. As this Loaningdale colt only beat a second class three-year-old, Hesperian, by a neck, giving him 7 lbs., the performance did not seem St. Leger form. Nevertheless there are possibilities about Glen Loan, who has had little racing this year, especially should the ground become softer than it is at the moment of writing. The firm ground is a serious consideration. We had been hoping to see Lord Astor's Pound Foolish, the most likely rival of Pasch, on a racecourse before he went to Doncaster, but he had to forfeit his engagement at Gatwick last week-end on account of the state of the going.

If Pasch is to be beaten, one or other of Lord Astor's, Pound Foolish or Cave Man, seems the most likely colt to bring about the downfall of the favourite. There did not seem to be a great deal between them when they ran first and second for the Princess of Wales's Stakes at Newmarket. A fortnight later Cave Man challenged Pasch in the Eclipse and was beaten by five lengths. He might not, however, be so far behind next week with half a mile farther to go. The second in the Derby, Scottish Union, was also well beaten off behind Pasch in the Eclipse, but that was not the colt's best form. He was given an easy time after his Sandown race, and it is hoped that he will be at his best and able to run next week. There hardly seems an outsider worthy of consideration this year, though I imagine that if one good and genuine staying colt were thrown up by the tide, as Bois Roussel was thrown up at Epsom, Pasch might be beaten. There is no great evidence that Pasch stays, but as non-stayers sometimes win the St. Leger, he may stay well enough to beat the others, for none of them can match his speed. If Pasch is to be beaten, which seems unlikely, the one that may do it is Pound Foolish.

It is a thousand pities that the 1,000 Guineas and Oaks winner, Rockfel, is not engaged in the race, for she is a jewelled stayer.



MR. PETER BEATTY'S FOXGLOVE II., Gordon Richards up, winning the Ebor Handicap by three lengths from Path of Peace directly behind

Because she made her first appearance in a selling race, and happened to be well beaten, it has taken people a long time to recognise her as a worthy classic winner. They could not but accept her when racing came out of the August doldrums at Hurst Park, and she beat Solar Flower in the Hyperion Stakes. She had well beaten Solar Flower at both Newmarket and Epsom, but the latter having gone from one success to another in the manner of a greatly improved filly since her third in the Oaks, was rather confidently expected to beat Sir Hugo Cunliffe's Owen filly. She ran like the good and honest filly she is, but she was beaten a length by Rockfel in a spirited contest in which both fillies distinguished themselves. Rockfel indisputably marked herself as the best of her sex. Whether she is the best of her age as well as her sex cannot, most unfortunately, be decided at Doncaster, but there may come an opportunity next year for her to meet the colts in the Ascot Gold Cup.


This Hurst Park race was an admirable prelude to the York meeting, which had no flaw except that the going was a little firmer than it might have been. The racing was of high class, and there has not been a better Ebor Handicap field for many years. There used to be a tradition that it was next to impossible for a second season horse to win this, but tradition has been shattered because in the last five years four three-year-olds have won. The last of them was Mr. Peter Beatty's Foxglove II, who can be said to have been master of the situation from the second he set off. First third, then second, and then first, he swept away from them in the last quarter of a mile to win with supreme ease from Path of Peace and Black Speck. To have bought his Derby winner only a month before Epsom, and to have bought Foxglove II only two days before he won the Gold Vase, Mr. Beatty must have facilities specially granted him by the gods. And Foxglove II has by no means come to an apex. He is a great stayer, of obviously good class, and will not be out of place accompanying the Derby winner to the post for the Ascot Gold Cup. Foxglove is still another of the Son-in-Law tribe to win an important long distance race, and he is actually inbred to the old horse, for his dam Staylace is by Teddy out of Straitlace, by Son-in-Law, and Staylace carries another Bay Ronald line of Hampton through Teddy's dam, Rondeau.

Lord Derby was the most successful owner at York, winning not only the Gimcrack Stakes with Cockpit, but the Convivial Plate with this two-year-old filly, Easy Going, and the Duke of York Plate with Faroe. These successes sent him to the head of the list of winning owners. He had begun the week only a hundred pounds or so behind Mr. H. E. Morriss, but when it closed he had gone right away from him. Mr. Morriss will not only have to win the St. Leger with Pasch, but other races as well to return to and retain his place on the pedestal, for Lord Derby's horses are in wonderful form and no owner has won so many races this season. No sire either has been credited with so many numerical successes as his Caerleon, the sire of Cockpit. This surprise Eclipse winner did not make an immediate success at the stud, but this year he had gone bounding up, Cockpit being his twenty-eighth winner. Lord Rosebery's Titan, who finished unplaced in the Gimcrack, was a little disappointing, and it is unlikely that we shall see the best of him until next year, when he has strengthened to his growth. He and Cockpit cannot meet in the Derby, because Cockpit was taken out of that race some time ago, although he was left in the St. Leger. They were possibly a moderate lot of fillies that contested the Yorkshire Oaks, but the event provided what was easily the most stirring contest of the meeting, for four seemed to pass the post in line, and only the judge could place them accurately in the order in which they finished—Joyce W., Stirrup Cup, Betagain, and Ocean Base.

BIRD'S-EYE.



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THE GILLTOWN AND HARWOOD STUDS

THE DONCASTER CATALOGUE

BEFORE reviewing the youngsters that go to Doncaster from Lord Furness's Giltown Stud, a word or two as to its origin and progress will not be amiss. Towards the end of the European War Lord Furness decided that it was his duty to assist the bloodstock breeding industry, which was then in a very parlous state, to the best of his ability; so mares were bought. So from a philanthropic motive, the Giltown Stud was founded. Located to begin with in Ireland, yearlings from there first came into prominence at Doncaster in 1922, when 8 lots yielded 13,770 gs., or an average of 1,721 gs. each; in 1926, 14 found new owners at 46,490 gs., or an average of 3,320 gs. each, and from 1922 to 1937 inclusive 209 lots have been sold by Messrs. Tattersall for 449,475 gs., giving an average of 2,150 gs.; a result that Lord Furness can look upon as a satisfactory reward for his philanthropy, and one upon which his manager, the ever genial Mr. George Smithwick, is to be congratulated. In 1932, in consequence of taxation, the whole stud—mares, yearlings and foals, the men, their wives and children—was moved to England by special trains and boat in the space of the forty-eight hours' grace allowed before the tax came into force, and is now firmly established at Gillingham, in Dorset.

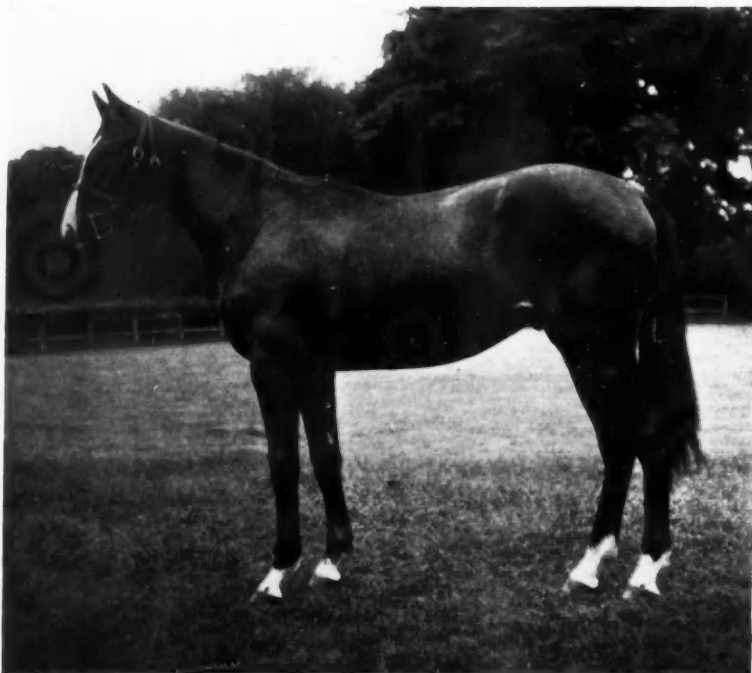
Let us now come to consider the yearlings that I journeyed down to see a fortnight or so back. They number twelve in all—six colts and six fillies; the best of the colts is a chestnut with a white off fore sock and a white near hind, by Fairway's own-brother, Pharos, from Rosy Legend, a half-sister to the Grand Prix du Printemps and Prix de l'Elevage winner, Pappillon Rose, by Dark Legend out of Rosy Cheeks, a descendent of Pocahontas. The present Doncaster catalogue is replete with good colts; at least ten have been looked over that in ordinary times would make over five figures. This lot is one of them, and if he goes for less than that, he will indeed be a bargain purchase for his new owner. To describe his attributes is difficult; to fault him is impossible. Of not too bright a chestnut or with too much white, he has a sensible head, a beautiful neck well set in oblique shoulders, plenty of heart room, a well-ribbed middle, powerful propelling quarters, good second thighs and well let down hocks which he gets right under him when he walks with that long sweeping effortless swing that reaches its objective almost before it seems to have started. This is a really good horse that will set heads nodding and catalogues flicking when he is offered next Thursday evening. Though he stands out he is not the only good one in the contingent. Another is a brown colt with no markings, by the Derby winner, Sansovino, from Bold Encounter's dam, Love in the Mist, a Buchan mare that was out of Legatee's half-sister, Ecstasy, she by Volta. A bigger built colt and of more commanding type, he is a grand mover with tremendous power and substance and has all the appearance of a first-class racehorse. Two more to like and note are a brown colt by Manna and a bay by Pharos. A beautiful short-bodied, well-coupled colt, Manna's son is very like his sire in type and comes from Ben-in-Or, a daughter of Spion Kop that like Glenabatrack, the dam of Tiberius, is out of Jura, a Gainsborough mare. Pharos' son carries quality everywhere and comes from the French-bred mare, Yenna, she by Kzar. The last two colts are by Bold Archer and by Singapore; the first, who is a bay with a workmanlike outlook, claims Her Majesty II, a half-sister to Slipper by Teddy, as his dam; the second, a rare mover with a good top and follow, is from the French-bred mare, Carinosa II, she by Town Guard.

The fillies again are a beautiful collection. Perhaps a rich dark bay of classical outline, by Pharos out of Aqua Forte, a Cadum mare that descends from Brumeaux's dam, La Brume, is the best. She has a sensible head, well placed shoulders, plenty of power behind the saddle, and is a good mover. Not far inferior, if at all, is a brown by Loaningdale that teems with quality and comes from Solace, a daughter of Solario that, like Daumont, Tommy Atkins, Figaro and other winners is

from Tillywhim, a Minoru mare that has done yeoman service for the National Stud. This filly looks sure to race, but in the remote event of her not doing so she is a valuable property as a brood mare. The same thing is true of a reachy light bay filly by Fairway; her dam is Benvenuta Cellini, who is by Craig an Eran from Bunworry, a daughter of Great Sport that, like Manna and Sandwich, came from Waffles, a mare that made fame for the late Mr. J. J. Maher of the Confey Stud. Benvenuta Cellini is already dam of Seventh Wonder and Cellini; Bunworry is also dam of Bernina the victress of the Italian 1,000 Guineas, the 2,000 Guineas and the Oaks; the dual value here is difficult to estimate. Another filly, also by Fairway and likewise full of quality, comes from Wings of Love, a Gay Crusader mare that won the Granville Stakes at Ascot. Wings of Love has produced the winners, Cesarian and Spy Ann; her dam, Flying Sally, came from the same dam, Salamandra, as did the St. Leger winner, Salmon Trout; again a dual value that needs no stressing. The last two fillies are bays by Easton and by Dastur. Easton's first stock are now yearlings. This filly is the only one of his to get in the Doncaster catalogue; by herself she is the best advertisement that her sire could have as she is a nicely-proportioned, well-made filly that looks and moves like a race mare; her dam, Pamplona, is by Papyrus and comes from Lady Phœbe, the dam of that successful sire, Apple Sammy. Dastur's stock—since Dhote came on the firmament—needs no advertising; if it did, there is a ready-made one for him here. A light bay with a white near hind sock, his daughter is from En Vitesse, a Hurry On mare that was out of Enbarr, an own-sister to Singapore's dam, Tetrabazzia, by The Tetrarch from Abbazia, she from the Oaks victress, Mrs. Butterwick. Her pedigree could not be better; the filly is worthy of it, and after doing well on the racecourse, should be a success as a matron.

Leaving the Giltown Stud, with thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Smithwick for their hospitality and to Stud Groom Brown for his trouble, I next visited Lady James Douglas's place at Harwood, near Newbury, where Major Booth and his henchman Horne, whom I first met in years gone by at the Buckland Stud, gave me an inside view of the three colts and four fillies that will be sold about dinner-time next Thursday night. Preceding this there was a visit to Gainsborough who, though now in his twenty-third year, looks as hale and hearty as and better off than when he won the "triple crown" of twenty years ago. Very evidently he has lost none of his early vigour as I made a son of his that, like the Oaks winner, Rose of England, comes from Perce Neige, a Neil Gow mare that is from Gallenza the dam also of Winalot, the best of the colts, and a daughter of his that claims the Bachelor's Double mare, Nebular, as her dam, the pick of the fillies. A bay of just about 15.1 hands high, the colt, save for his colour, reminds me very much of Hyperion. There is that neatness without lumber, that sensible head that denotes courage minus excitability, that long rein that gives such an easy ride behind well-placed shoulders, the power behind the saddle to carry it along; the same low-placed hocks that come right under him, and above it all that extra indefinable soupçon of quality that denotes a great racehorse.

There will be judges who fault this colt through lack of size; they did the same when Hyperion first appeared, but shortage of inches did not prevent him running away with the Derby and the St. Leger. The same failing may not prevent this one doing the same; at any rate, no excuses will need to be made as to his inability to come down the hill or act on the Epsom gradients. In addition to his other attractions, he has an ideal forehead for any eventuality; he is another of the five figure properties. Second to him and more of the "Cup-horse" type, there is a magnificent bay by the Ascot Gold Cup winner, Bosworth, out of Bagatelle, a half-sister to the Oaks winner, Bayuda, by Gainsborough from Jessica, she by Eager. Bigger framed but still



W. A. Rouch

BROWN COLT BY COLOMBO—GLENABATRICK, from the Sezincote Stud. This colt is a half brother to the Ascot Gold Cup winner, Tiberius

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DONCASTER YEARLING SALES, 1938

Messrs. Tattersall will sell by auction at Glasgow Paddocks, Doncaster, the following yearlings:—

ON TUESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 6th

YEARLINGS, with Engagements, from Seznecote Stud, Ltd. (Mr. J. A. Hird), Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos.

BALDARROCH, a bay colt, foaled April 1st, 1937, by Orpen out of Lady Warden, by Warden of the Marches out of Clodia, by Cicero out of Santide, by Santol.

BALDARROCH is Lady Warden's fifth produce. He is half-brother to Stella Warden, Fishguard and Burgundian, all winners at two and three years old. Lady Warden's fourth foal, Ballathie, an own sister to Baldarroch, was sold for 1,200 gs. at the Doncaster Sales, 1937; she ran fourth first time out and prominently in the Queen Mary Stakes, Ascot, 1938.

GALERIUS, a brown colt, foaled March 29th, 1937, by Colorado Kid out of Miss Dewar, by Winalot out of Maid of Perth, by Tetrameter out of Whitetor, by Torpoint.

GALERIUS is Miss Dewar's second produce. He is own brother to Germanicus (in training at FitzRoy House, but has not yet run).

MISS DEWAR won the Rothschild Plate, Lewes, ran second in the Steyning Plate, Brighton, and third in the Tilgate Handicap, Gatwick. Her dam, Maid of Perth, won the Gold Vase, Ascot, and the Jersey Stakes, for which she was disqualified. She was sold to go to France in 1935. Galerius descends in the female line, through Lily of the Valley, Hamptonia and Feronia, from Woodbine. The following come from Woodbine, through Feronia and Violet, own sisters—Ayrshire, Slieve Gallen, Royal Lancer, The Panther, St. Serf, Sempronius Santa Brigida, Light Brigade, Bridge of Canny, Mrs. Butterwick, Melton, Singapore, Phaleron, Valais, Plantago and Mid-day Sun.

COLOMBIAN, a brown colt, foaled February 26th, 1937, by Colombo out of Sansculotte, by Sansovino out of Fancy Free, by Stefan the Great out of Celiba, by Bachelor's Double out of Santa Maura, by St. Simon out of Palm-Flower.

COLOMBIAN is the first produce of Sansculotte. Valerius and Tiberius, also first foals, were bred at Seznecote Stud.

SANSCULOTTE won the Bass Rock Plate, Edinburgh, and was placed three times. She is half-sister to Tartan (winner of Linton Stakes, Newmarket, Britannia Stakes, Ascot, Edinburgh Spring Handicap, June Rose Handicap, and Arthur Lorraine Memorial Handicap, Sandown), and Full Sail (National Breeders' Produce Stakes, Sandown, dead-heated for the Sandringham Foal Plate and won the March Stakes, Newmarket, total value £7,037).

FANCY FREE won Hurst Park Whitenside Cup, Great Midland Breeders' Plate, Nottingham, and two other races, total £2,447. She traces through Celiba, Santa Maura, and Palmflower to Jenny Diver.

TIBERIAN, a brown colt, foaled March 22nd, 1937, by Colombo out of Glenabatick, by Captain Cuttle out of Jura, by Gainsborough out of Maid of the Mist, by Cyllene out of Sceptre.

TIBERIAN is half-brother of Tiberius and Pretorius, both winners of races of 1½ miles and over. Pretorius won the Wantage Plate of 1 mile 5 furlongs at Newbury and the Prince's Handicap of 2 miles at Gatwick. Tiberius won at distances from 1½ to 2½ miles, including the Ascot Gold Cup, Goodwood Cup, Hastings Stakes, and Payne Stakes, Newmarket.

JURA won the Atalanta Stakes of 1½ miles and the Leicestershire Oaks, of 1½ miles. Her dam, Maid of the Mist, also bred Sunny Jane, Hamozee, Skyrocket, and Craig-an-Eran, from whom came:—Bright Knight, Miss Cavendish, Buchan, St. Germans, Saltash, Tamar, Crème Brûlée, Betty, Cavendo, Tiberius, and Cave Man.

HISPANIA, a chesnut filly, foaled February 26th, 1937, by Colorado Kid out of Bellatrace, by Abbot's Trace out of Quite Dark, by Alpha II out of Pretty Dark.

HISPANIA is half-sister to Bellaritta, winner of the Prestonpans Nursery, Edinburgh, second three times and third twice at two years old—purchased for the stud in South Africa. She belongs to the same family as unbeaten Tiffin, who was a grand-daughter of Pretty Dark.

AMACITA, a bay filly, foaled February 7th, 1937, by Colorado Kid out of Lac D'Amour, by Son-in-Law out of Miss Grits, by Symington out of Blue Tit, by Wildflower out of Petit Bleu.

LAC D'AMOUR won at 1½ miles, and is the dam of three winners, including Remorse (won Abingdon Mile Nursery, Newmarket). Her yearling of 1936, Campania (by Press Gang) was purchased for 1,200 gs. at the Doncaster Sales, 1936, for the stud in South Africa.

MISS GRITS, **BLUE TIT** and **PETIT BLEU** all won races and bred high-class winners, including: Miss Bleu, Sunset II, Blue Bell III, Blue Dun, Teresina (Goodwood Cup and Jockey Club Stakes), Thersina, Gino, Alykhan, Alisah, British Sailor, Oiseau Bleu, Blue Pete, Barbed Wire, Depeche, Shri, Milldoria and Evensong.

VALERIANE, a bay filly, foaled March 2nd, 1937, by Tiberius out of Haintonette, by Hainault out of Cherry Hinton, by Sundridge out of Schoolbook, by Wisdom out of Satchel, by Galopin out of Quiver.

VALERIANE is half-sister to Valerius and Valerian. Her half-sister Valandra was retained for the stud and is in training. Valerius won the Chester Vase and the Yorkshire Cup, Valerian the Prince of Wales' Stakes, Ascot Stakes and Queen Alexandra Stakes all at Ascot. **HAINOTNETTE** won the Haverhill Stakes, Newmarket and the Irish Oaks. Her fourth dam, Quiver, is a great, tap-root mare. She was the dam of Maid Marian (dam of Polymelus), La Fleche (dam of John o' Gaunt and granddam of Cinna), Satchel (from whom descend Haintonette, Valerius and Valerian) and Memoir (from whom descend Uganda, Ut Major, Una, Udaipur, Harpocrate and Unidwar).

MANDARINA, a bay filly, foaled February 5th, 1937, by Manna out of Never Cross, by Gay Crusader out of Miss Cavendish, by Chaucer out of Sunny Jane, by Sunstar out of Maid of the Mist, by Cyllene out of Sceptre.

MANDARINA is half-sister to three winners, Gerard's Cross (dam of Miss Minx, winner in 1938), Grey But Gay, and 'Appy (winner of the Scottish Derby).

NEVER CROSS won the Ormerod Plate of 12 miles and was second in the Criterion Stakes, Newmarket, and the Champagne Stakes, Bibury; own sister to Cavendo (Norman Court Stakes, Bibury), half-sister to Betty (Molecomb Stakes, Goodwood, Coronation Stakes, Ascot, and Haverhill Stakes, Newmarket), Crème Brûlée (£9,435, eight races, including Liverpool St. Leger, Manchester Cup, Salisbury Cup, and Newbury Cup), and Cave Man (winner in 1938 of the Chester Vase and Jersey Stakes, Ascot).

SUNNY JANE won the Oaks and bred Bright Knight and Miss Cavendish before being exported to U.S.A. Her dam, Maid of the Mist, also bred Hamozee, Skyrocket, Jura, and Craig-an-Eran, and was second or third dam of Buchan, St. Germans, Saltash, Tamar, Cave Man, and Tiberius.

NOTE—Cave Man is by Mannahead (a son of Manna) from Miss Cavendish (the dam of Never Cross).

ON WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPT. 7th

YEARLINGS, with Engagements, the Property of the Burnwood Stud.

A BROWN COLT, foaled April 19th, 1937, by Milton out of Lempet-Law (1923), by Roi Herode out of Lempet-Law, a winner; dam of Sweet and Lovely and Polly Calvert.

FORFARIA, dam of Rapsallion, Treble Scotch, Double Scotch (winner of Irish St. Leger), Moot Law, Phlox, and Bridge of Dun (winner of many races).

A BAY COLT, foaled April 3rd, 1937, by Milton out of Penny Lemon (1927), by Lemonora out of Penny Flyer, by Vamose out of Penny Forfeit.

PENNY LEMON broke her pelvis after running once as a two-year-old; dam of Penny Royal (winner of seven races of over £4,000, including the Ebor Handicap, 1936), also Pentacle (a two-year-old winner this year).

PENNY FLYER, never trained owing to the war; dam of eight winners of over £6,000 in stakes, Starflyer, Sargon, Winker, Princess Galahad (dam of Artist's Prince), Bawbee, Hello Peggy, Miltonic, Squandered, also Rollo (winner abroad) and Penny Lemon (dam of Penny Royal and Pentacle).

PENNY FORFEIT, a winner; dam of four winners Callaghan, Pennyway, and Penny Rock, also Penny Trumpet (the dam of four winners).

A BAY COLT, (second foal), foaled April 12th, 1937, by Cañon Law out of Lava (1928), by Rocksavage out of Palermo, by Torloisk out of Etna.

LAVA won five races.

PALERMO, dam of Wild Wark (seven races) and Lava, her only foals.

ETNA, won Greer Plate; dam of Miltona (three races) and Punice Stone (a winner in England and a good winner in South Africa).

A BROWN COLT, foaled April 29th, 1937, by Cañon Law out of Breckia (1924), by Alan Breck out of Patricia, by Polymelus out of Bedford.

BRECKIA won two races value £264; dam of Brecknock (two races, £681) and Rough Sea (£166).

PATRICIA, dam also of Pathall (seven races, £1,312).

BELFORD won the Rangemore Maiden Stakes at Derby as a two-year-old; dam of Lowford (two races, £249).

A BROWN FILLY, foaled May 19th, 1937, by Mannahead out of Penny Rock (1925), by Rock Savage out of Penny Forfeit, by Forfarshire out of Pennywise.

This is Penny Rock's eighth foal and is half-brother to six winners of thirty-seven races of over £7,000. All this mare's produce are winners except a two-year-old which has not run.

PENNY ROCK, a winner; dam of Millrock (fourteen races), Shove Halfpenny (nine races), Rockton (seven races), Penny-a-liner (four races, second in the Ascot Stakes and third in the Cesarewitch), and Rockies (three races).

PENNY FORFEIT, a winner; dam of the winners Callaghan, Penny Way, Penny Rock, also Penny Trumpet (the dam of four winners).

PENNYWISE never ran; dam of six winners, including Eudorus (£6,000, sire of many high-class winners in Australia, including Eurythmic, £37,000).

ON THURSDAY EVENING, SEPT. 8th

Without Reserve. YEARLINGS, with Engagements, the Property of Viscount Furness, the Gilltown Stud.

A BAY FILLY, foaled March 11th, 1937, by Dastur out of En Vitessé (1926), by Hurry On out of Enbarr, by The Tetrarch out of Abbazia.

EN VITESSE did not race; dam of Straight Away (placed three times at 2 years, 1935, and winner in 1936) and Quickest (winner in 1937).

ENBARR won at Phoenix Park; own sister to Tetrabbazia (winner of three races value £4,835, including Royal Standard Stakes, and the dam of Singapore, winner of the St. Leger and £13,006, Sledmere, Cohort, and Orbazia, winners). Enbarr is also own sister to Royal Alarm (winner of seven races value £4,039, including Newbury Spring Cup).

ABBZIA, dam of six winners, including Tetrabbazia and Royal Alarm. She is out of Mrs. Butterwick (winner of six races, including the Oaks, and dam of Greatorex, Wombwell, Phaleron, and Buttermere).

A BAY FILLY, foaled April 6th, 1937, by Easton out of Pamplona (1927), by Papyrus out of Lady Phoebe, by Orby out of Doña Sol.

PAMPLONA won Ely Plate, Newmarket, second in Chesterfield Nursery, Derby; dam of Pamplular (placed second and third, sent to India) and Dartside (placed this year), her first two foals.

LADY PHOEBE won two races value £1,136, and was placed in her other starts at 2 years; dam of the winners Pamplona, Apple Samuny (won £2,530 at 2 years, third to Colorado and Coronach in 2,000 gs., a good sire), Fearsome (two races, £1,611), Astronomer, Pegasus (seven races, £2,673, including Drayton Handicap, and third in Royal Hunt Cup in 1937); grandam of Cross-patch (won five races, £4,114).

DONA SOL (dam of three winners) Ayrshire, out of Donnetta (winner of 13 races value £8,834, including Jubilee Handicap, and dam of six winners of over £47,800 in England, including Diadem and Diophon).

A BAY FILLY, foaled March 15th, 1937, by Pharos out of Aqua Forte (1928), by Cadum out of Aquatinte II, by Alcantara II out of Aquarelle.

AQUA FORTE, bred in France and won three races value 37,500 fr., second four times, and third twice; dam of Aquedue (two-year-old winner of two races value 30,400 fr. in 1936), her first foal, and Flying Cloud III (a winner).

AQUATINTE II won four races value 521,820 fr., including Prix Lupin and Prix de Diane (French Oaks), second in Prix Penelope and Prix La Rochette, and third in Prix Vermeille; she only had four foals, two of which were the winners Aqua Forte and Achéron.

AQUARELLE won Prix Rainbow, Salvette, and Jouvence; dam of Pinceau (winner of Prix La Rochette, Prix des Marechaux, second in Grand Prix de Paris and Grand Prix de Milan, etc.), Apres l'Onclée (winner of 83,475 fr., and dam of good winners), and La Bruene (winner and dam of Brumeux, good winner in France and of Jockey Club Cup, Newbury Cup, and Delamere Handicap), by Childwick.

A BAY FILLY, foaled March 31st, 1937, by Fairway out of Wings of Love (1925), by Gay Crusader out of Flying Sally, by Flying Orb out of Salamandra.

WINGS OF LOVE won Granville Stakes, Ascot, 1,640 sovs., and placed in good races; dam of the winners Cesarian and Spy-Ann (won Irish 1,000 gs., etc.).

FLYING SALLY, dam of the winners Wings of Love, Yankee Clipper, Woodcock (won Lytham Stakes, and won in India), and Epigram (won four races value £2,000 in 1937, including Goodwood Stakes), also Flying Thoughts (good winner in France in 1937), and Salmon Fly (dam of two winners).

SALAMANDRA won two races and was second in New Oaks and third in 1,600 gs.; dam of Salmon-Trout (won St. Leger and £15,830), St. George (won three races £2,130), Wyvern (two races, £1,280), and other winners. The next dam, Electra, won the 1,000 gs., etc., and bred Orpheus (won £11,972).

A BROWN FILLY, foaled April 3rd, 1937, by Loaningdale out of Solace (1931), by Solaro out of Tillywhim, by Minoru out of Lily Rose.

SOLACE, half-sister to nine winners of 40 races value £22,297.

TILLYWHIM won two races value £947; dam of nine winners including Monk's Way (won five races value £4,036 at two years, and second in Fern Hill Stakes at three years), Tommy Atkins (won ten races value £3,175), Daumont (won three races value £3,331, dam of Carletta, won £4,013), Santillo (won three races £2,468), Figaro (ten races, £4,525); grandam of Lyne Regis, Anthurium, Pegasus, Emborough, etc.

LILY ROSE won three races value £1,484, including Gimcrack Stakes. Tillywhim was her only produce to live. The third dam of Lily Rose is Rose of York (grandam of Roi Herode).

A BAY FILLY, foaled February 24th, 1937, by Fairway out of Benvenuta Cellini (1928), by Craig an Eran out of Bunworry, by Great Sport out of Waffles.

BENVENUTA CELLINI won three races in Italy, placed in four others, and second in France; dam of Seventh Wonder and Cellini (winner of four races in France in 1936).

BUNWORRY won four races value £823 in Ireland; dam of the winners in Italy, Benvenuta Cellini, Benedetta da Malano (eight races), Buonarroto (five races), Brueghel (eight races value 144,400 lire), and Bernina (winner of eleven races, including Italian 1,000 gs., 2,000 gs. and Oaks).

WAFFLES, dam of Bunworry. Manna (won 2,000 gs. Derby and £23,534), Sandwich (won St. Leger and £17,020), Parviz (won Gratiwick Stakes, 2,227 sovs., and City and Suburban Handicap, 1,670 sovs.), and Tuppence.

A BROWN COLT, foaled February 5th, 1937, by Sansovino out of Love in the Mist (1927), by Buchan out of Ecstasy, by Volta out of Love-oil.

LOVE IN THE MIST, dam of Peggy Lad (winner of four races value £1,282, including a race in 1937) and Bold Encounter (winner of Whitenside Foal Stakes, of 691 sovs. in 1935, and a winner in 1937), also Blando-quence (second in Great Surrey Foal Plate).

ECSTASY won four races value £1,063; dam of the winners Rhapsody and King's Joy (won four races value £804).

LOVE-OIL, dam of Legatee (won three races value £2,916, unbeaten at three years), Ecstasy, Fulneck (three races), Hasty Love (four races, £781, dam of Medieval Knight, won £8,041, and Futillity), Saracen (four races, £2,146, including Manchester November Handicap), Heartsease, Trinidad (won Atlantic Cup, 2,545 sovs., second in St. James's Palace and Jersey Stakes, Newbury Spring Cup, etc.), and Amoretto (two races, £761). This is the Parafin family.

all quality, this is a grand type of thoroughbred that moves well, looks well and will do well on the racecourse. Third of the male sex is about the best colt that his sire, Apelle, ever begat in England; a bay foaled in April, he is the first produce of his dam, Cattewater, a Solario mare that came from the same dam—Plymstock—as did the Oaks winner, Pennycomequick. Apelle, who was bred in Italy, was imported into this country some years ago; failing to come up to expectations as a sire, he was returned to his native land last year. It would only be the usual perversity of things if, now his services are no longer available, a really good racehorse by him appeared.

As I remarked earlier, I make a filly by Gainsborough out of Nebular the best of the fair sex at Harwood; this needs qualifying, as many good judges will prefer a chestnut with two white hind socks, that claims Hyperion as her sire and Hurry On's daughter, Saddle Tor, who, like Lucky Tor, is from Leighton Tor, as her dam. Both are among the best looking of their sex that will be viewed next week; my preference for Gainsborough's daughter is that she is a bigger built filly with more room and reach; Hyperion's daughter, though full of quality, is, to my view, too compact and short coupled for a really first class race mare. The other two of the fillies are by Fairway and by Gainsborough. Both January-foaled bays, the former is a big reachy bay with tremendous power behind the saddle, that comes from Streamline, she by Tetratema; the latter, who has her colour relieved by a white near hind sock, comes, like Jesmond Dene and John James, from Tilly, a Charles O'Malley mare that was out of Joie de Vivre's



W. A. Rouch

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BAY FILLY BY TIBERIUS — Haintonette from the Sezincote Stud. This filly is a half-sister to Valerius and to Valerian

own-sister, Baronesa. A short-coupled mare measuring about 15.1 hands high at the withers, she completes a batch that does great credit to Major Booth and Horne, to whom I am indebted for a very pleasant and instructive morning.

The last that I have space to mention are a quartet—three colts and a filly—listed by Mr. H. S. Gill, of the Yeomanstown Stud, in Ireland. Of these the filly will excite most attention. A dark bay of superb quality and contour, with an immensity of heart room, a well-placed shoulder, powerful quarters, and well let down hocks; she is an own-sister to Panorama by Sir Cosmo from Happy Climax, a Happy Warrior mare. As an unbeaten winner of six races this season, Panorama can be justifiably

reckoned to be the best youngster so far seen out. He cost 1,150 gs. at Doncaster last September, and to date he has won £7,174½ in stakes. This filly will undoubtedly cost a very great deal more; if looks are anything, she will be equally successful on the racecourse. Another very attractive property is a brown colt of good size by Beresford out of Ellet, a daughter of Louvois that to Beresford has already produced Ocean Nymph, Beresfell and Adara, and to other sires, nine other winners of 33 races. Every one of Ellet's produce that have run have been winners; everything points to this colt carrying on the record. The other two colts are both chestnuts, and are by Caerleon and by Apron. Caerleon's son, who is a short-bodied compact sort with a white near hind sock, comes from White Witch, a daughter of White Eagle; the colt by Apron is of similar conformation and is out of Orotava, she by White Eagle from a Stedfast mare. They will be offered on the Friday morning.

ROYSTON.

SOLUTION to No. 448

The clues for this appeared in August 27th issue

MOLESTATIONS
A E O L N I P E
SON OF A GUN GRANT
O I T A O H R I
NON AGE SCOTLAND
I W O E B E
CANNON KNUCKLES
U D G T A E
SLIPSHOD PRESTO
E S A D B
REALISTS FINALS
F N D H S N B C
D U C H Y E S P L A N A D E
O E L R U L N N
M S L I D I N G S C A L E

ACROSS

1. The fruit of victory (two words, 8, 6)
8. Not a profession for retiring people (6)
9. This man might set the row he takes up (5)
12. A robe returned to the North of England (4)
13. One that is given seven noughts (two words, 3, 7)
15. In re tax, it means, of course additional payment (5)
16. Leonardo's fellow-citizens (8)
17. Matter for rumination (3)
18. Is prepared for a distinguished guest (two words, 4, 4)
20. Hotel where they believe that water is best? (5)
22. Adopted by one taking a square view of things? (two words, 5, 5)
24. Fine setting for the emergence of a star (4)
26. It would be more sensible to put a line round a letter (5)
27. He is mean to drag the horse in backwards (7)

28. Not, as might be thought, William III's abode in Kensington (two words, 7, 5)

DOWN

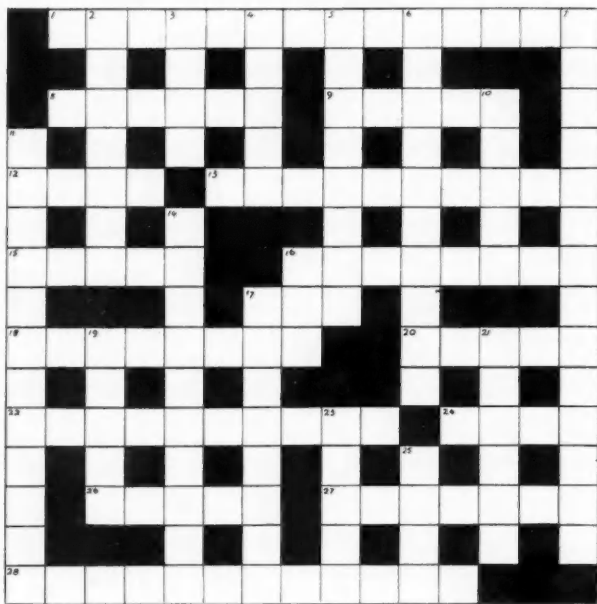
2. The key to the situation is in the employer's hands (7)
3. Simple French (4)
4. "A hooded—among blinking owls": Shelley's description of Coleridge (5)
5. Suitable match for a cowboy? (8)
6. Victoria and Albert (two words, 5, 5)
7. Cromwell's Saxon forerunner (two words, 6, 8)
10. Give a lift to or get a rise out of (5)
11. Apostolically named town (12)
14. It was familiar with the Atlas before the Atlantic (10)
16. Silence, mother! (3)
17. Awkwardly placed, perhaps through not having chosen the 22 (8)
19. Sounds of distress (5)
21. "Anon they move
"In perfect phalanx to the — mood."
—Milton (6)
23. It only takes fifty to go round in—in a manner of speaking (5)
25. Manages without a valet for years (4)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 449

A prize of books to the value of 3 guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 449, COUNTRY LIFE, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Tuesday, September 6th, 1938.**

The winner of Crossword No. 484 is

Rev. J. H. Shackleton Bailey, D.D., School House, Lancaster.

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 449

Name

Address

A CHESNUT COLT (second foal), foaled February 25th 1937, by Pharos out of Rosy Legend (1931), by Dark Legend out of Rosy Cheeks, by Saint Just out of Purity.

ROSY LEGEND, bred in France, and winner there of four races value 36,650 fr., second twice and third twice; dam of Spadassin, her first foal.

ROSY CHEEKS won four races value 24,955 fr.; dam of the winners Papillon Rose (won nine races value 282,470 fr., including Grand Prix du Printemps and Prix de l'Elevage), Rose de France (won three races value 32,010 fr.), and Rosy Legend.

PURITY, winner; dam of the winners Hypocrite, Rosy Cheeks, Puritain, Ables, and Messaline; grandam of several winners, and half-sister to Sans Souci II (winner of Grand Prix de Paris, Prix Lupin, Prix Daru, and a high-class sire). Purity, by Gallinule, traces to Pochontas.

DUKE OF ORLEANS, a bay or brown colt (foaled in France), foaled January 17th, 1937, by Manna out of Ben-in-Or (1926), by Spion Kop out of Jura, by Gainsborough out of Maid of the Mist.

BEN-IN-OR, winner over a mile, and placed third three times; dam of Oronsay (winner in Ireland).

JURA won Leicestershire Oaks, 672 sovs., Atalanta Stakes, 1,215 sovs. (beating Place), and Hermitage Handicap; second in Yorkshire Oaks; dam of the winners Ben-in-Or, Poligny (won Lingfield Autumn Oaks), and Jubie (won Sandringham Foal Plate of 890 sovs., second in Rous Memorial Stakes, Ascot, etc., in 1936); own sister to Mystical (won £1,065). Jura is grandam of Tiberius (Ascot Gold Cup and Goodwood Cup).

MAID OF THE MIST won three races value £1,850, including Nassau Stakes; dam of six winners, including Craig an Eran (won 2,000 gs., Eclipse, and St. James's Palace Stakes, second in the Derby, a high-class sire), Sunny Jane (won New Oaks, etc., and second in 1,000 gs., dam of Bright Knight and Miss Cavendish, the dam of Betty and Crème Brûlée), Jura, Hamoaze (dam of St. Germans, Buchan, Tamar, and Saltash), and Sky-rocket. The next dam was Seceptre.

FOOTLIGHT III, a bay colt (bred in France), foaled February 13th, 1937, by Pharos out of Yenna (1927), by Ksar out of Yane, by Verwood out of Roselys.

YENNA, bred in France and winner there of Prix Finlande 26,100 fr., and placed in two other races, winner in England of Holiday Handicap, Wolverhampton, 422 sovs., and second in three other races; dam of Yonne (two-year-old winner this year).

YANE won four races in France; dam of the winners Yenna, Yarlas (won three races), Yva (won nine races value 102,700 fr.), Yan (four races), and two other winners in France, also Le Solin; half-sister to Rosée (the dam of Rose Thé, won French 1,000 gs. and second in French Oaks, and Rapace, won five races).

ROSELYS won four races value 77,400 fr., including Prix Penelope; dam of six winners in France, including Pavilion (three races value 109,975 fr.) and Rosolio (won five races, including Prix Rolletot, also won Nottingham Spring and Pitman's Handicaps). Roselys is own sister to Dagor (winner of French 2,000 gs. Derby, etc.). The grandam of Roselys is Roquebrune (the dam of Rock Sand and half-sister to Seabreeze and Tredennis), by Flying Fox.

A BAY COLT, foaled March 23rd, 1937, by Singapore out of Caribosa II (1927), by Town Guard out of Kiss, by Gorgos out of Kouba.

CARINOSA II, bred in France and winner there of Prix Bougie, Prix des Yearlings, and Prix Chloé, total 158,350 fr., and second to Chateau Bouscat in Prix Morny; own sister to Quai d'Orsay and Qui Vive; dam of Cadumina.

KISS, dam of Quai d'Orsay (go-d winner of seven races value 41,815 fr., including Grand Prix de Nice of 111,600 fr., and Prix le Blois of 40,000 fr., in 1938; also won two races, £1,047, in England in 1935), Qui Vive (won two races value 25,280 fr.), and Caribosa II; also Quid Novi (placed on the flat), her only other produce.

KOUBA, dam of the winners in France Krut (four races), Kibar (six and half races 98,025 fr.), Kermebel (seven races value 85,350 fr.), and Friendship. Grandam of the winners of many races. Kouba is also dam of Papanatas (a good winner and high-class sire in Argentina).

A BAY COLT (first foal), foaled March 3rd, 1937, by Bold Archer, out of Her Majesty II (1931), by Teddy out of Our Liz, by William the Third out of Countess Resy.

HER MAJESTY II won one and half races; own sister to Queen Liz, Duchess of Marlborough and Good Bess.

OUR LIZ did not race; dam of the winners Queen Liz (nine races, 74,055 fr.), five races value 270,400 fr. in France, including Prix Jacques Le Marois, and second to Chateau Bouscat in Prix de la Forêt, etc., and won two races value £1,810 in England, including Cork and Orrery Stakes, Ascot, and beaten short head in Stewards' Cup, Goodwood, Duchess of Marlborough (two races, 32,400 fr.), Good Bess (five races, 86,070 fr.), and Her Majesty.

COUNTRESS RESY won two races value £344 at 2 years dam of the winners Alphy (two races), and Poor Count also Stoner (won twelve races in Italy), Canon Resy (six races in South Africa), Blood Royal (under N.H. Rules), and Best Born (second in King's Stand Stakes, etc.). Countress Resy is grandam of Lindley (won Irish 2,000 gs.), by Santry.

ON FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 9th

Without Reserve, *YEARLINGS*, with Engagements, from Cloghan Stud.

A CHESNUT COLT, foaled May 1st, 1937, by Winalot out of Persist (1930), by Galloper Light out of Try Try Again, by Cylzag out of Perseverance II.

PERSIST, winner of the Holiday Handicap of 500 sovs., Wolverhampton, and another race, and placed twice. This colt is her second produce.

TRY TRY AGAIN won Goodwood Stakes, Newbury Autumn Cup, and other races, total value £3,355; dam of Persist and Tofanella (winner of four races value 53,100 lire in Italy).

PERSEVERANCE II, by Persimmon. She won the Northumberland Plate of 1,000 sovs. and other races; dam of Warwick (six races), The Ant (two races), and Banbury.

A BAY COLT, foaled May 11th, 1937, by Trimdon out of Boiarinia (1926), by Viceroy out of Vilna, by Volta out of Missovaja. This colt is a half-brother to Fartuch, a good winner.

BOIARINIA, placed three times; dam of Fartuch (winner of six races value £837 in 1934 and 1935, at two and three years) and Borodin (a two-year-old winner this year).

VILNA, winner of June Rose Handicap of 840 sovs., beaten half a length by Golden Myth in Ascot Gold Vase, and third in Alexandra Stakes, Ascot; dam of Vileika (winner at two years), River Patrol (won several races in Belgium), Tetraville (won hurdle races), and Boiarinia, her first four foals; sent to U.S.A. and is a winner-producer there.

MISSOVAJA, winner of three races value £2,396; dam of Wassilissa (won Coronation Stakes and £4,248, and second in the Oaks) and four other winners, also Mukden (grandam of Roidore, £5,833, Doushka, £4,038, and Spiral, winner of Irish 1,000 gs., etc.); tracing to Miss Agnes.

A BROWN COLT, foaled April 12th, 1937, by Singapore out of Miss Ninnie (1931), by Craig an Eran out of Miss Matty, by Marcovill out of Simonath.

MISS NINNIE, half-sister to Papyrus, Bold Archer, and five other winners. This colt is her second produce.

MISS MATTY, dam of Papyrus (winner of the Derby and £17,863, and sire of winners of over £80,000), Bold Archer (winner of Gimcrack Stakes and £2,096 and sire of many winners), Comus (winner, £1,121, also three races in Australia, £2,350), Paddington, Master Matty, and three other winners, also Miss Quince (dam of winners), Cockade, and Fruitful.

SIMONATH, dam of Flamboyant (winner of £4,647 and sire of Flamingo, etc.), Bracket (winner of the Cesarewitch and £4,467, and dam of Parenthesis), and Best Wishes (dam of winners, including Felicitas, dam of Felicitation £14,675).

A BAY COLT, foaled March 3rd, 1937, by Trigo out of Aberystwyth (1928), by Diopion out of Amorelle, by Volta out of Amanthe.

ABERYSTWYTH won two races and placed six times, including second in Champion Breeders' Foal Plate at Derby; half-sister to Discard (seven races, £1,336 in stakes); dam of Aberdale (second, Warwickshire Breeders' Foal Plate, and winner of the Tadcaster Stakes, York, 377 sovs., in 1937, her first foal and only runner).

AMORELLE won London Autumn Cup, 990 sovs., and the Royal Borough Handicap, 445 sovs.; dam of Austin (winner of three races and dam of Under Thirty, good winner, 1935), Gay Armour (four races, £1,314), Aberystwyth, Oselle, and Almer, winners, and Ashe (second in Irish Oaks and winner of races in 1935), and Discard (winner of seven races and £1,336 in stakes).

AMANTHE won the Two years old Plate at Newmarket and placed second twice in high-class races; dam of Agave, Amorella, Liar, Llanrwst (£1,273), and Amicitia (dam of Spirituelle, winner of four races, and Boy Friend, winner of 11 races).

A BAY COLT, foaled February 5th, 1937, by Royal Dancer out of Hurrah Peggy (1930) by Beresford out of Mitylene, by Desmond out of Cyrilla.

HURRAH PEGGY, placed in Hopeful Stakes, Doncaster, at two years; own sister to Berebros (winner); dam of Cheer Boys, Cheer (winner this year of the Zetland Plate, Doncaster, the Rainton Plate, Ripon, and the Worcester Foal Stakes, 574 sovs., carrying top weight, and placed three times out of six starts), her first foal.

MITYLENE ran three times at two years and placed twice; dam of Greek Bachelor (winner of five races value £3,325, including City and Suburban), Far Isle (winner of five races value £1,274), Grease Paint (winner of eleven races value £1,322, including the Great Foal Stakes, Newmarket, and Belgrave Stakes, Chester), Mysia (third in the Oaks), Sunshot (winner in U.S.A.), Greek Lad (winner in India), Patmos (winner of nine races), Berebros (two-year-old winner of two races in 1934), and Light Mit (dam of a two-year-old winner in 1937).

CYRILLA, second in Seaton Delaval Plate, 1,080 sovs., and third in the Mersey Stakes, her only starts at two years old; dam of Datine (winner of Princess Plate); dam of winners and grandam of Buckleigh, Sarsaparilla (won Great Kingston Two-years-old Plate), and Romana (won Cheveley Park Stakes, 1,785 sovs.).

A BROWN COLT, foaled April 27th, 1937, by Trimdon out of Eliminate (1931), by Obliterate out of Merry Lass, by Hurry On out of Spaewife.

ELIMINATE, half-sister to a winner, and dam of Cancelled (placed second at Newmarket this year as a two-year-old, her first produce).

MERRY LASS, winner of three races and placed several times; dam of Eliminate and Bachelor's Hall, her first two foals; own sister to Love in Haste (dam of the winners Henry the Eighth and Rawana).

SPAEWIFE (placed twice in good company; dam of Merry Lass and Love in Haste, and then sent to France, where she is grandam of Saint Call, two-year-old winner in 1936), by Swynford, out of Curia (dam of winners), by Cicero, out of Seceptre.

A CHESNUT COLT, foaled February 23rd, 1937, by Winalot out of Reverentia (1926), by Grand Parade out of Reverence, by William the Third out of Veneration II. This colt is half-brother to Baber Shah and His Reverence.

REVERENTIA, winner and placed twice in 1929; dam of His Reverence (winner of £7,431, including the City and Suburban, the Liverpool Silver Jubilee Cup, and the Great Cheshire Handicap), Baber Shah (winner of the Rous Memorial Stakes, 1,149 sovs., at two years, and Thurlow Handicap, Newmarket, 360 sovs., in 1937).

REVERENCE, dam of Revival (three races, £1,595, also one race, 1,056 sovs., in India), Highness (six races, £6,827, in India), and Reverentia, all her produce before being sent, in 1927, to France, where she is also a winner-producer; sister to Nassovian (winner of Princess of Wales's Stakes and £3,604).

VENERATION II, winner and dam of winners of £18,580 including Craganour and Glorvina (grandam of Maquillage); half-sister to Pretty Polly (winner of 1,000 gs., Oaks, St. Leger and £37,297, and dam of Molly Desmond, Dutch Mary, Polly Flinders, and Baby Polly, all notable winner-producers).

ABAY FILLY, foaled February 15th, 1937, by Cameronian out of Anne Lovely (1926), by Simon Pure out of Wheelie, by Sunstar out of Wainthor. This filly is half-sister to Dragonnade and two other winners.

ANNE LOVELY won the Hurst Park Stakes of 1,531 sovs. and Bentinck Nursery Handicap of 360 sovs. at Newmarket. She is dam of Her Eminence (three races, £844, at two years), Annuity, and Dragonnade (dead-headed in the Manchester Cup this year, and second, beaten a head by Senor, in the Ormond Stakes this year).

WHEELIE, dam of Anne Lovely, The Sponger (four races, £1,115), and Waddle (winner abroad).

WAINTHOR won five races, £1,774, at two years old, when unbeaten; dam of Ellenborough (five races, £3,126), Woodchuck (two races, £1,309), Winau (three races, £2,085), Negro, Wayzgoose (winner and dam of Silway), and Wando. Her dam, Photo, bred four winners and was sister to Scene (grandam of Arcade, Buen Ojo, Cambrae, etc.).

ON FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT 9th

YEARLINGS, with Engagements, the Property of Mr. H. S. Gill, Yeomanstown Stud.

A CHESNUT COLT, foaled April 23rd, 1937, by Caerleon out of White Witch (1923), by White Eagle out of Azucena, by Martagon out of Azores.

WHITE WITCH won three races, including Naas Autumn Cup, 1½ miles, and placed three times; dam of Maggie (first foal and winner of races), Ladytown (winner of two races and placed second in National Produce Stakes, Curragh, beaten one length by Cariff), Beneficent (winner of two races), and Scen's Fancy (winner under P.T.C. Rules), her other produce went abroad.

AZUCENA, a dam of many winners, including Red Eagle, Trovatore, Faricena (dam of Lomcena and Skidaw, winner of races in Ireland and dam of the winners Durex and War), Maffico, and White Witch.

AZORES, dam of Clapperbill, Leopold, Terciera, Grange Lane, Win Over, Mainstay, and Agrippa (winner of £4,100 in Italy).

A CHESNUT COLT, foaled March 5th, 1937, by Apron out of Orotava (1927), by White Eagle out of Orotast, by Stedfast out of Moro.

OROTAVA was turned out of training owing to an accident; dam of Soltava (winner and placed twice, now in South Africa). Her three-year-old has only run once and her two-year-old has not yet run. These are her only produce to date.

OROFAST, winner of four races in Ireland, value £1,010; dam of Vingt-sept (first foal, five races), Spiora (dead-headed, Ballymany Stakes, Curragh; dam of Grito, two races, and Golden Spider, five races, her only produce to date), Ramazan (winner in India), and Flamoro (winner this year).

MORO, dam of Orotast and a winner in Germany, her only produce.

A BROWN COLT, foaled May 4th, 1937, by Beresford out of Ellet (1918), by Louvois out of Laragh, by Troutbeck out of Plumage.

N.B.—This colt is own brother to Ocean Nymph, Beresford, and Adara, winners of 13 races value £3,985, and half-brother to nine other winners of 33 races.

ELLE, winner of races and placed three times; dam of 12 winners of 46 races, all her produce to date, Little Bee (first foal, winner in South Africa), Longford (one race of 180 sovs.), Spionella (five races of £1,688, including Cambridgeshire Trial Handicap), Double Heat (three two-year-old races of £448), Eldorado (11 races of £2,869, including Little-Go Plate, York), Ellerton (three races in Ireland), Ocean Nymph (six races of £1,278), Jack Tar (five races of £2,343, including dead-heat with Quashed in Great Metropolitan Handicap, Epsom, the Rosebery Memorial Handicap, Epsom, and second in Newbury Autumn Cup), Beresford (six races, three in India, of £2,560, including Clearwell Stakes, Newmarket, of 945 sovs.), Liza of Lambeth (two races of £855, including Plantation Stakes, Newmarket, 431 sovs.), Adara (two-year-old winner in Ireland and placed four times), and Newhall (winner of two races and placed third in Irish 2,000 gns. this year).

LARAGH never ran owing to the war; dam of six winners of 19 races of over £6,000, including Yeomanstown (winner of four races of £2,472, including Redcar Foal Plate, Scottish Derby, and Duke of Cambridge Handicap, Newmarket), Larking (winner of seven races value £2,190, including Dukeries Foal Plate, and placed second in many races, including Scottish Derby, Eglinton Plate, and Ayrshire Handicap), Steel-point (winner of long distance races and second in Goodwood Stakes), Woden, Laden-la (four races), and Ellet.

PLUMAGE, dam of Tetrarchia and other winners.

A BAY FILLY, foaled April 12th, 1937, by Sir Cosmo out of Happy Climax (1921), by Happy Warrior out of Clio, by Dark Ronald out of Mall.

N.B.—This filly is own sister to Panorama, unbeaten winner of six races this season of £7,274

HAPPY CLIMAX won three races value £1,318, as two-year-old in 11 races, winning three and four times placed; dam of five winners, her only produce to run, including Classic, Happy Hussar (winner of races in South Africa), Red, White and Blue, Bon Mot, and Panorama (unbeaten winner of six races this year, including Newmarket Two-years-old Stakes of 660 sovs., Spring Two-years-old Stakes, Newmarket, of 943 sovs., Coventry Stakes, Ascot, of 2,550 sovs., Fulbourne Stakes, Newmarket, of 825 sovs., Lavant Stakes, Goodwood, 1,406½ sovs., and Prince of Wales Plate, York, 890 sovs.). Her only other produce has not yet run.

CLIO, dam of winners Breslane (11 races value £2,408) and Happy Climax.

MALL, dam of good winner abroad.

THE ESTATE MARKET

PLANTING FOR A HUNDRED YEARS AHEAD



DROPMORE. THE ENTRANCE FRONT

LORD GRENVILLE, a cousin of the younger Pitt, levelled hills to get a better view of Windsor Castle, and altered the contour of other parts of the property now known as Dropmore, near Bourne End. He bought land adjoining Littleworth Common, in 1792, and was fully ten years building the mansion and making or re-making the main features of the estate. The conifers from all parts of the world, and the cedars of Lebanon, like the rich timbering of Dropmore, reveal the fruits of his long tenure of the property, and his ardent love of trees. He looked ahead, and we find him writing to Lord Temple: "The trees will make a great figure on my hill in the course of a century or so." He died at Dropmore in 1834, and the estate devolved to the family of his sister, Lady Fortescue. Now Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co. are preparing to offer the mansion and 945 acres, by auction, on behalf of the executors of Mr. John Beville Fortescue. Cross-roads close to Dropmore are called "Nobleman's Corner," for they lead to Dropmore, Hedsor and Cliveden.

Among the beautifully situated Scottish properties for disposal by Messrs. Walker, Fraser and Steele, is one to be let, namely, Craigdarroch, Dumfriesshire, noted as the home of "Annie Laurie" after her marriage. There is good trout fishing, and the shooting over the 3,198 acres shows a heavy bag of pheasants.

A KENTISH STUD FARM

THE late Lord Derby forty years ago built, at a cost of over £20,000, accommodation for pedigree stock, at Horn's Lodge, a mile from Tonbridge. The modern house has 265 acres of pasture and woodland, with 3 acres of orchards, not far from the London main road. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are to sell the estate, and can deal with the house and only 160 acres, if desired. Lord Arthur Cecil has for many years held the estate as a stud farm, and has kept his famous Clydesdales there.

Charts Edge, a freehold of 20 acres, on Hosey Common, between Edenbridge and Westerham, about 700 ft. above sea level, has been sold by Messrs. Constable and Maude. They have bought for a client, Hoe Farm, Peaslake, an old-fashioned house in beautiful grounds of 5 acres, from a vendor for whom the Guildford office of Messrs. Wallis and Wallis acted. Messrs. Constable and Maude's Shrewsbury branch, with Messrs. Bufton and Sons, has sold Glanrhos, near Rhayader.

Sir Wilfrid Greene, Master of the Rolls, has

sold Joldwynds, Holmbury St. Mary, as briefly noted a week ago. Mr. R. Hanbury-Bateman and Messrs. J. Ewart Gilkes and Partners acted for him. Mr. Oliver Hill, F.R.I.B.A., designed the house so that every bedroom has a large balcony, and there is an external staircase direct to the garden. Joldwynds has around it 10,000 acres of land that is for ever an open space. It was the subject of a "Country House" article in COUNTRY LIFE of September 15th, 1934.

Three Fords, a property of 15 acres, between Woking, Guildford and Ripley, has frontages to the Portsmouth main road and the Wey. It will come under the hammer of Messrs. Hampton and Sons, at Arlington Street, on September 27th.

STOUR AND MEDWAY

LITTLEBOURNE HOUSE, a small mansion in 15 acres, near Canterbury, has been sold by Messrs. Geering and Colyer's Ashford office. The name of the property conveys an accurate idea of its situation, on the Little Bourne or Little Stour. In many ways the Little Stour is more picturesque than the larger river, which it joins. Of all its beauty spots the stretch between Patricxbourne, through Bekesbourne to Littlebourne, and on to Wickhambreaux, is the most delightful. It used to teem with trout, and there are still some good fish to be caught. In its course it waters well-known estates, such as Bourne Park, at Bishopsbourne, and Bifrons, in Patricxbourne. It joins the main and tidal stream a few miles from Grove Ferry, and thereafter finds its way, through the marshes by way of Sandwich, to the sea, near Richborough.

Burrwood, at Old Groombridge, four miles from Tunbridge Wells, an estate of 100 acres, on the Medway, and noted for its luxuriant gardens, has been sold by Messrs.

Knight, Frank and Rutley and Mr. James G. W. Barker. There is a fifteenth century cottage in the grounds.

The Manor House, on the Kent border of Surrey, at Tatsfield, between Westerham and Oxted, is a thoroughly modernised Jacobean house, containing old oak beams and panelling, in 4 acres. By order of executors it is for sale by Messrs. Tresidder and Co. They offer Pressland House, Hatherleigh, a granite residence with up to 40 acres, between Okehampton and Bideford. This house should appeal to those who in increasing numbers now seek the rural seclusion of the West Country. Messrs. Tresidder and Co. have sold Edlington Hall estate, Lincolnshire.

Sir Ernest Horlick, Bt., resided at No. 27, Norfolk Street, Park Lane. His executors, through Mr. R. Hanbury-Bateman, have just sold the leasehold interest.

A COPY OF KNOLE PARK STAIRCASE

IF the staircase illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of August 20th, p. xxxi, is bought for incorporation in a house, that house will have to be of no ordinary proportions, for the space it occupies (21 ft. by 16 ft.) is almost equal to the whole ground floor area of many houses that are being built to-day. It is an oak staircase, and with accompanying panelling was made under the supervision of Sir Edwin Lutyens, as a copy of the grand staircase of Knole Park. It was exhibited in the British Pavilion of the Paris Exhibition of 1900. The makers, Messrs. John Thompson and Sons, Limited, are retiring from business, and Messrs. Henry Butcher and Co. invite offers for the work. If no adequate offer is received by them, at their Chancery Lane office, the firm will offer the staircase by auction at No. 165, Cromwell Road, Peterborough, next Wednesday (September 7th).

SALES OF TOWN HOUSES

LORD DELAMERE has bought the freehold, No. 10, Hertford Street, his agents being Messrs. Deacon and Allen. The vendors' agents were Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons and Messrs. Lofts and Warner.

Messrs. Way and Waller have sold for conversion into flats No. 15, Cleveland Square. The conversion of large houses to this purpose is still going on in many parts of London, partly because many tenants prefer the larger rooms and the privacy arising from the comparatively small number resident in such houses. Frequently, also, the large old-fashioned residences are faced by quiet gardens. ARBITER.



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ELECTRICITY ON THE FARM

THE use of electricity on the farm has increased very rapidly during the last few years, and this form of energy is tending to replace the oil engine as a form of power in addition to many other applications.

Except in one or two isolated cases, the application of electricity to any extent for farm or dairy work has been limited to those areas where the public supply is available at a reasonable cost. Although private generating plants of sufficient size are both practical and economical, the capital cost of an installation of this kind usually presents a difficulty and the need for a fairly efficient working staff is also an important point.

The interest which is taken by the local Electricity Authority will vary to some extent, but in a district which is nearly all rural there is a tendency to give the farmer every possible assistance both in the direction of an attractive tariff for his supply and in the direction of help and advice on

Probably the greatest scope lies with dairy farming, particularly in view of the present interest of the Government. It will be unnecessary to stress the value of adequate lighting both in the byres and in the dairy buildings. The question of machine milking is also receiving more attention. It has now been agreed in many quarters that with a herd of twenty to twenty-five cows electric milking machines are both economical and satisfactory. Farmers find that it pays to use them owing to the economy of labour which results and the improved quality of the milk which is the result of the more hygienic method of treatment.

There are now many small portable electric milking machines worked by a $\frac{1}{2}$ -h.p. motor which is connected by means of wall plugs at various points in the sheds. These are invaluable for small dairies, and the cost of running, with electricity at 1d. per unit, works out at $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per week for each cow. Milk producers are also using electric grooming and clipping machines to an increasing extent, especially in the case of units producing graded milks.

Other electrical items which have proved to be worth while in the dairy section include sterilising chests and, of course, refrigerating plant. It is nearly impossible to cool milk satisfactorily without refrigerating plant, and it is more than possible that this item will be compulsory in the near future. Electricity is really the only satisfactory form of power for this purpose.

In the poultry section electric lighting has now proved itself as the one means of increasing production at a time when the produce is most valuable. Increased production during the winter through electric light has become all the more important since the rise in the cost of food and labour. The hens must be fed and looked after even though they produce no eggs, and the extra cost is only that of the extra food required and the cost of current, which can generally be purchased at a special rate for this purpose.

One rather important point has been discovered in connection with poultry, and that is the necessity of fitting a *dimming* arrangement to operate before the lights are finally extinguished. The dimmed lights—for a short period—allow the birds to go back to their perches before the lights are switched off altogether. The control for this purpose can be entirely automatic as the switching arrangements are operated by a time switch which can be adjusted periodically to fit in with the hours of daylight.

Electric egg testing machines are also invaluable, especially where eggs have to be stored before distribution. The electric refrigerator also comes into use in the poultry section, and special units giving the correct temperature and humidity are available for this purpose.

From the point of view of mechanical power the essential problem is portability. There are so many uses on a farm for an electric motor, and many of these uses are for very short

periods at infrequent intervals. The cost of electric motors is, however, comparatively low and for many of the machines it is economical to install a fixed motor.

There are, however, many processes where portable electric motor can be used; such as for occasional water pumping, wood sawing, root pulping, etc. It has been found that a motor of about 5 h.p. is suitable for most farm work, and it should be remembered that even if this size

motor is used for some duty requiring only 1 h.p. there will be no loss or excessive cost, as the efficiency of an electric motor at low loads is very little lower than at the normal output. Should you wish to estimate the cost of running an electric motor, you can assume that one unit will give 1 h.p. for nearly an hour. Thus with electricity at 1d. per unit the cost of power is about 1d. per h.p.-hour.

Special portable electric motor units are now supplied by the manufacturers with the necessary control apparatus, mounted in such a manner that the whole unit is weatherproof. The depreciation and maintenance costs are negligible, as there are so few moving parts compared with any other form of mechanical power.

The use of electricity for heavy duties on the land has not made much progress in this country, although a certain amount of experimental work has been done. The difficulty seems to be that of the initial cost of the tractor unit and the necessary distributing cables. In the case of small portable plant of various kinds this is not so serious and on this account most of the progress has been in this direction.

When considering the use of electricity for this type of work it is really essential to install a good quality wiring system, and also to see that it is extensive enough to enable full use to be made of the various appliances. The cost of installing additional points during the initial installation is much less than if they are added later, and a more satisfactory system is obtained. Suitable plugs and sockets and other accessories for farm work can be obtained which are sufficiently substantial to stand the rough and inexperienced treatment they will be subject to.

The whole question is one which should be discussed with the Engineer of the Supply Authority, as it is necessary to obtain his interest. There is, of course, a limit to the price per unit which should be paid. The maximum figure should be 1d. per unit, but it is probable that a supply can be obtained as low as $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per unit. There may also be the question of the site being away from his supply lines, and here again a certain amount of discussion and investigation may be required.

The Table reproduced here gives some approximate figures for costs and consumption, and is reproduced from a small monthly magazine called *Rural Electrification*. This publication is of interest to farmers and can be obtained from local electrical showrooms.

J. V. BRITTAIN

J. V. BRITTAIN



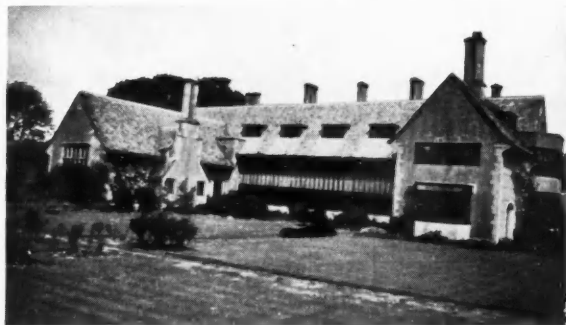
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	Size	Motor and wiring	Turnip-cutter	Bruiser	Elevator	Cake mill	Chaff cutter	Thresher		Total cost of installation	Annual consumption
								Cost	Size		
(1)	h.p. $\frac{1}{2}$	£ 12	£ 11		£			£	in.	£ 23	units 29
(2)	5	28		15						43	194
(3)	6	31		20			18	57	24	126	432
(4)	7½	39		18				64	28	121	792
(5)	10	45		31	12			84	30	172	342
(6)	10	44		24	12		16	94	36	190	1,072
(7)	12½	46		41		10		142	36	239	802

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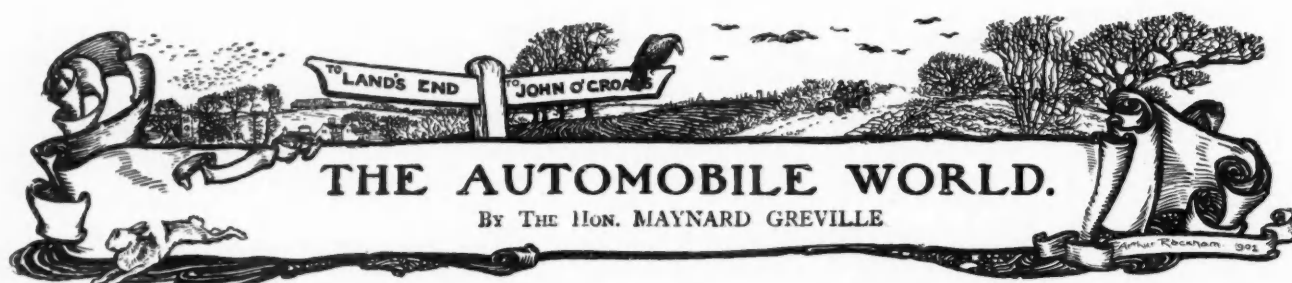


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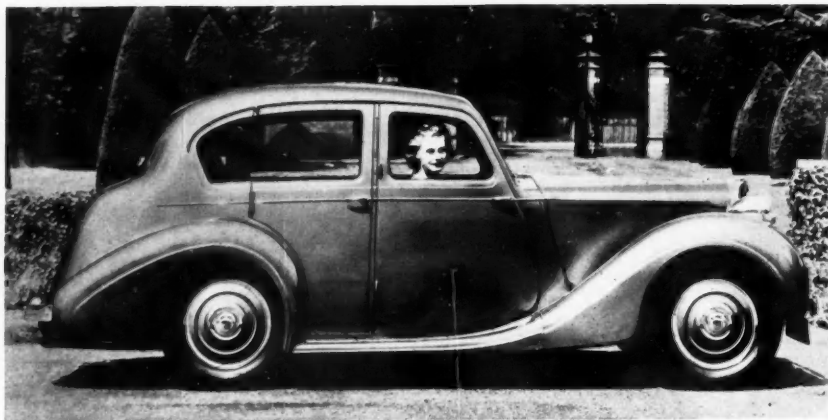
LAST week I announced the fusion of the two famous and historical firms of Sunbeam and Talbot, under the directing hand of the Rootes brothers. During the past few years the Talbot Ten has established a reputation for performance and reliability combined with smart appearance, and the first model produced under the aegis of the new firm will conform largely to the design of this famous little car.

It has not been found necessary to make any considerable alterations to the well-tried chassis of this car, but modifications have been introduced to make it possible to accommodate roomier coachwork. A feature of the old Talbot Tens was that while they had a very good performance indeed for a car of this size, they also had a remarkable petrol consumption. While the performance has been retained in the new version of the Sunbeam-Talbot, it is claimed that this very good petrol consumption has been still further improved.

Among the most important modifications made to the chassis it is necessary to mention the moving of its engine $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches forward in the frame; by this means the body space is considerably improved. Another feature that has been adopted is the fitting of widely spaced brackets to take the body, so that the utmost stability has been obtained.

The three body styles which have been adopted for this car are all very handsome, and consist of a four-door six light sports saloon at £265, a foursome drophead coupé at £285, and an open sports tourer to seat four at £250.

The four-door sports saloon has an integral boot, which provides a good amount of luggage accommodation. A feature is that the rear door pillars stop short at the waist line, so that the occupants of the rear seats have a very good vision forwards. An uncommon form of flush fitting sliding roof is used, while visibility has been carefully studied and the front screen pillars are very small. The tank filler cap is neatly mounted on the near side rear wing, and is of large size so as to allow very quick filling from a pump. For all ordinary purposes the amount of room in the luggage boot should



THE NEW SUNBEAM-TALBOT TEN FOUR-DOOR SALOON WHICH IS PRICED AT £265

be sufficient, but its lid can be used for additional luggage if required.

The drophead foursome coupé has a boot very similar to that supplied on the saloon, and it also has a similar type of wing. The sports tourer is a very handsome little open car. It has a single wide door on each side, giving access to the front seats, which are of bucket type, and also to the rear seat. In the swept tail there is a luggage compartment.

A NEW MORRIS TEN

ONE has come to expect pithy and very much to the point remarks from Lord Nuffield on the annual occasion when he entertains the Morris dealers. This year was no exception, and his comments on certain foreign cars which were imported into this country and sold at a lower price than they were fetching in their native land were well worth hearing, as were his remarks on the rewards of labour in these countries.

On this occasion Lord Nuffield took the opportunity to introduce the new Morris Ten, which supersedes the Series III Ten and which is to be known as Series "M." This new car presents several very interesting features, not the least important of

which is that unit construction of chassis and body has been adopted in order to save weight, while in addition the front wheel suspension, though of the orthodox type employing half elliptic springs, is heavily damped and assisted by torsion bars. Moreover a reduction in price has been made possible, the fixed head six-light saloon costing only £175, while for a sliding head six-light saloon the price is £185, with Jackalls £5 extra. The light weight and excellent power output from the four-cylinder engine, make for a very brisk performance, with a genuine maximum speed well in excess of 65 m.p.h.

That the new springing makes for excellent road holding is vouched for by my old friend T. H. Wisdom, who drove one of these cars to Ankara and back in an initial test to try and find out any weak spots. On an Autobahn it also succeeded in covering nine miles at an average of over 63 m.p.h., so there is nothing wrong with the performance.

This new model is available in an attractive range of colour schemes. The wheelbase is 7 feet 10 inches and the track 4 feet 2 inches, while the bore of the engine is 63.5 mm. and the stroke 90 mm. The cubic capacity is 1,140 cc. and the Treasury rating 9.99 h.p., while the annual tax is £7 10s.

As far as the engine is concerned the crankshaft is carried in three large bearings, the whole power unit being mounted on the body.

From the external appearance point of view the coachwork is very pleasing, and one of its special features is the special inbuilt luggage boot at the rear with external access. The boot itself has a cubic capacity of 7 cubic feet, while the lid can be lowered as an additional platform for trunks. The spare wheel is housed in a compartment beneath the luggage boot, and has separate access, so that the wheel can be reached without disturbing the luggage. On the sliding head model the roof is of the flush type with concealed drainings.

There are no running boards, and the windscreen has been carefully sloped so as to avoid glare. The seating accommodation provides for four large adults, all the seats being well within the wheelbase. All the windows are of toughened Triplex glass.



THE NEW MORRIS TEN FOUR SERIES "M" WHICH HAS MOST ATTRACTIVE LINES AND NO RUNNING BOARDS

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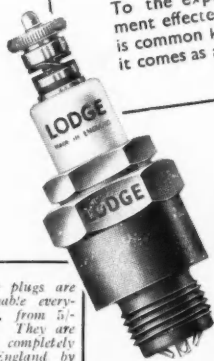


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AUSTRALIA HAS MANY SPORTS

SOON it will be cold again and the skies will have begun to weep for winter. Grey days and frosts will be our portion once more, and those in England will return to the fireside, thinking possibly of blue rollers pounding themselves to white impotence upon some shore they have enjoyed when suns were kind. But in this winter which approaches there will be little sense in bolstering up one's courage by talking about the grand open air times so lately ours. We can, assuming always our banker is sure the idea is good (so far as he is involved), take ourselves to more of them quite easily. The Orient or the Lloyd Triestino companies, the P & O. or the Dutch lines, take your good sterling with the greatest of ease. In return they endeavour to ruin your digestion and your ideas of comfort for more than a month. You will have far better food than you ever had at home; your bed will be softer, your steward more prompt. And all for a single fare from £35 to £125, according to your banker's whim. Should you wish to return, your treatment will still be 100 per cent., although the fare has been reduced by 10 per cent.

If you go to the surfing beaches of New South Wales, anywhere from Tweed Heads to Mollacoota Inlet, with Sydney on the way, you will sunbake upon sands that are not surpassed anywhere. Frequently uninterrupted by a rock or an inlet the white beaches, soft and warm to lie upon, are lined as far as the eye can see with trees, palms and ti-tree up near the tropic. Down south the dunes are more European in their semi-nudity. But always, whether amongst the teeming masses at Bondi, or upon some lonely reach even yet unnamed, the rollers of the Pacific come in out of the blue, tear themselves to white frenzy, subside beaten and slink away to try another time.

Out of this battle which has no apparent outcome, man has made a joke, a sport. Just before the Great War an experimenter at Bondi, the best known city beach (thirty-five minutes by tram from the centre of Sydney or 10 minutes by car), found that by swimming hard as the wave broke and then stiffening his body when the water began to cascade, he could be carried with the breaking wave till at last it took him to the very edge. He had learnt to body-surf; he had given a new sport to the world. Now any week-end between late October and the following April you may see literally thousands at Bondi.

Beach guards watch and by their whistles keep everyone within the marker flags that show where out-going currents from the

shore may carry away the poor swimmers. Aeroplanes fly overhead, dropping green or red streamers to tell the world if the beastly sharks are about. Areas for body-surfing are separated off from the rest, for a board-surfer who came in amongst the humans standing so closely that they can touch one another would surely wreck himself and them. He has his own section marked by flags. So has the surf-skier who shoots the waves in a little boat like an esquimo's kayak. And always the voluntary members of the Surf Life Saving Clubs keep watch for that upflung hand which they know means a swimmer in trouble.

It's a fine sight to see the beltman push his arms through the canvaswork which secures the line to his chest. It's grand to see him sprint to the water, plunge in like a fish home again, thrash the water with his vigorous strokes. The linesmen pay out the line, hands above heads, feeding out so that an excess of rope shall not hinder the rescuer nor tend to retard his swimming if it follows too slowly. A great art and fine team work till at last the beltman raises his hand for the reelman to start slowly winding him back to shore.

So much for the sophisticated sort of surfing. The other, upon a lonely beach where you may rig a tent beside your car or use the caravan, doubtless attracts another type. There one may spend the week-end, even a week, beyond the sight and noise of humans at all, living in bathers from morning till the sun dips low. Peaceful and idle, lulled by the incessant low roar which is the pounding of the surf, talking sometimes, shooting the waves at others, a life whose only director is your whim. With fish in the sea and oysters on the rocks and a spring to fill your can.

Perhaps your spirit will weary of such idleness. You may want to hang on to a wet rope on a slippery deck, when the spray stings in your eyes and the plunge of the yacht makes you wish it was still the time of Drake. Sydney Harbour provides this whenever your friends are kind enough to see if they can make you sick with a rough crossing between the Heads or the more adventurous persuade you go "outside The Heads" after marlin, sharks or tunny. For it is curious that Sydneysiders would not believe they had game-fish till they brought Zane Grey to tell them. Now it is an acknowledged sport, another national pastime, with a few world records established already. But none which can, I think, equal the wild man who leapt overboard and rode a 12 foot tiger shark which his friend had just hooked. I will admit it was during a party, but all the same, fully sober or not, far be it from me ever to grab the dorsal fin of the most securely hooked tiger shark,



SURFING AT SYDNEY

twist my legs round its tail, and stay upon its back for nearly five minutes.

And this is perfectly true, I could give names, could even repeat the description of this shark-rider who told me his fears when the beast sounded and he was carried far below the surface, his lungs bursting for air and he himself powerless to do anything about it, for if he let go the horrid teeth would at once rend his body. Good sport?

But the amusements of Australians are not only by the sea. Private flying clubs are well developed and at aerodromes the week-end air is all abuzz with the noises of their craft. Golf in every State is highly developed and the Royal Sydney Golf Club has the largest membership of its sort in the whole world—about 2,500 have been admitted. It is a social-cum-playing club, the fashionable place for lunch on Sunday, the rendezvous for afternoon tea on a bright afternoon. Its tennis courts and bowling green, its fives courts and golf course have to be booked in advance most of the year. For except in Victoria (where they need hard courts in the long wet winter) one may play tennis almost all the year on grass.

As for the National Pastime—I don't mean cricket—I went to a meeting once, it may have been the Randwick Cup or the Melbourne Spring Meeting. The rain made the horses fall over and squash the jockeys. Enjoying not the sound of bones being broken, I went home resolved never to waste another Saturday afternoon looking on, when a stable had a mount for me to hire. For although the masses are ridiculously enthusiastic about losing their money at least three times per week, I prefer to spin mine out at 2s. 6d. per hour in the saddle of a hack. Yes, and sometimes to chase, in the company of others, either a scrub wallaby or a piece of paper of a smelly old bag which deludes a few foolish hounds. Anyway, these pursuits make one jump fences and scatter the farmers' sheep which is great fun for us if a little bad for the digestion of the sheep.

The fisherman is offered a great deal in the streams, particularly in Gippsland, a part of Victoria. Besides the indigenous inhabitants of the waters, there are the trout that have been freely introduced.

If you wish to shoot, there are open and closed seasons for ducks, snipe, pigeons. You may stalk a bush wallaby for its pelt, and Cape Barron geese will be found as far south as The Coorong, on the main road from Melbourne to Adelaide. There you will find organised shooting camps with electric light in each cabin, running water, two beds, and meals in the common room; and if you should take board with one like "Shooting Mac", he can tell you where the shoals of mullet run, when the ducks move off the sea, and which way to strip the hide off a kangaroo. MICHAEL TERRY.



ONE MAY CAMP ALMOST ANYWHERE IN THE COASTAL FORESTS. One of their curiosities is the yackka gum, seen here

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Dover Street, W.1.
CADOGAN HOTEL.
Sloane Street, S.W.1.
CARLTON HOTEL.
Pall Mall, S.W.1.
CAVENDISH HOTEL.
Jermyn Street, W.1.
CLARIDGE'S HOTEL.
Brook Street, W.1.
COONAUGHT HOTEL.
Carlos Place, W.1.
DORCHESTER HOTEL.
Park Lane, W.1.
GORGING HOTEL.
Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
GT. WESTERN ROYAL HOTEL.
Paddington.
GROSVENOR HOTEL.
Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.
GROSVENOR HOUSE.
Park Lane, W.1.
HOTEL SPLENDIDE.
105, Piccadilly, W.1.
HOWARD HOTEL.
Northumberland Avenue, W.C.2.
IMPERIAL HOTEL.
Russell Square, W.C.1.
LANGHAM HOTEL.
Portland Place, W.1.
PARK LANE HOTEL.
Piccadilly, W.1.
PICCADILLY HOTEL.
Piccadilly, W.1.
RITZ HOTEL.
Piccadilly, W.1.
SAVOY HOTEL.
Strand, W.C.2.
STAFFORD HOTEL.
St. James's Place, S.W.1.
SOUTH KENSINGTON HOTEL.
South Kensington, S.W.7.
WALDORF HOTEL.
Aldwych, W.C.2.
WASHINGTON HOTEL.
Curzon Street, W.1.
WILTON HOTEL.
Victoria, S.W.1.

BEDFORDSHIRE

BEDFORD.
Swan Hotel.
EATON SOCON.
Ye Olde White Horse.

Berkshire

ABINGDON.
Crown and Thistle Hotel.
BRAY-ON-THAMES.
The Hind's Head Hotel.
READING.
George Hotel.
SONNING.
White Hart Hotel.
WINDSOR.
The "White Hart," Windsor, Ltd.

Buckinghamshire

MARLOW.
Compleat Angler Hotel.

Cambridgeshire

CAMBRIDGE.
University Arms Hotel.
LION HOTEL.
Whittlesford.
RED LION HOTEL.

Channel Islands

JERSEY.
Palace Hotel.

Cheshire

CHESTER.
Grosvenor Hotel, Eastgate Street.
HOYLAKE.
Royal Hotel.

Cornwall

BOSCASTLE.
The Wellington Hotel.
BUDE.
The Grenville Hotel (Bude), Ltd.
FALMOUTH.
Falmouth Hotel.
HELFORD PASSAGE.
(near Falmouth).
The Ferry Boat Inn.
NEWQUAY.
Headland Hotel.
St. Rumons.
ROCK, WADEBRIDGE.
The Dornay House.
ST. IVES.
Tregenna Castle Hotel.
ST. MAWES.
Idle Rocks Hotel.
TINTAGEL.
King Arthur's Castle Hotel.

CUMBERLAND

BUTTERMERE.
Victoria Hotel.
CARLISLE.
Crown and Mitre Hotel.
GLENRIDDING, PENRITH.
Ullswater Hotel.
KESWICK (English Lakes).
Kewick Hotel.
ROYAL OAK HOTEL.
LAZONBY (near Penrith).
LOWESWATER.
Scale Hill Hotel.
WINDERMERE.
Rigg's Crown Hotel.

Devonshire

BARNSTAPLE.
Imperial Hotel.
BELSTONE (Dartmoor).
Cherry Trees.
BIGBURY BAY.
Burg Island Hotel.
BUDLEIGH SALTERN.
Rosemullion Hotel.
CULLOMPTON.
Cullompton Hotel.
DARTMOUTH.
Raleigh Hotel.
SLAPTON SANDS, THE MANOR.
House Hotel.
EGGESFORD, CHUMLEIGH.
Fox and Hounds Hotel.
EXETER.
Rougemont Hotel.
HARTLAND.
Quay Hotel.
HORNS CROSS (N. DEVON).
Hoops Inn.
KINGSWEAR (S. DEVON).
Riverside Private Hotel.
Phone 32 Kingswear.
LEE.
Lee Bay Hotel.
LIFTON.
The Arundell Arms.
LYNTON.
Imperial Hotel.
Lee Abbey Hotel.
Royal Castle Hotel.
Valley of Rocks Hotel.
NEWTON ABBOT.
Moerland Hotel.
NORTH BOVEY.
(near Moretonhampstead).
Manor House Hotel.
PAIGNTON.
Redcliffe Hotel.
SEALDON (near Teignmouth).
The Round House Hotel.
SIDMOUTH.
Belmont Hotel.
Fortfield Hotel.
Torbay View Hotel.
(Unlicensed)

Victoria Hotel.

TORQUAY.
Grand Hotel.
Howden Court Hotel.
Imperial Hotel.
Palace Hotel.
Torbay Hotels, Ltd., Torbay Road.
WOOLACOMBE BAY (N. DEVON).
Woolacombe Bay Hotel.
YELVERTON.
Moerland Links Hotel.

Dorsetshire

CHARMOUTH.
The Court.
SHAFTESBURY.
Coombe House Hotel.
SHERBORNE.
Digby Hotel.
SWANAGE.
Hotel Grosvenor.

Durham

DURHAM.
Royal County Hotel.
WATERLOO HOTEL.

Essex

FRINTON-ON-SEA.
Beach Hotel.
WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA.
Queen's Hotel.
Hamlet Court Road.
West Cliff Hotel.

Gloucestershire

BRISTOL.
Royal Hotel.
GLOUCESTER.
New County Hotel, Southgate Street.

STROUD.
Rothborough Common.
The Bear Inn.
TWICKESBURY.
Bell Hotel.
Royal Hop Pole Hotel.

Hampshire

BROCKENHURST.
Forest Park Hotel.
BOURNEMOUTH.
Branksome Tower Hotel.
Bournemouth Hydro.
Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Carlton Hotel.
Grand Hotel.
Highcliffe Hotel.
Norfolk Hotel.
BOURNEMOUTH (East Cliff).
The Imperial Hotel.

Hampshire—continued.

BOURNEMOUTH (Sandbanks).
The Haven Hotel.
HAYLING ISLAND.
Royal Hotel.
LYNDHURST.
Crown Hotel.
Grand Hotel.
NEW MILTON.
Grand Marine Hotel.
Barton-on-Sea.
ODHAM.
George Hotel.
SOUTHAMPTON.
South Western Hotel.
SOUTHEAST.
Sandringham Hotel.
STONE CROSS.
(near Lyndhurst).
Compton Arms Hotel.
WINCHESTER.
Royal Hotel.

Herefordshire

HEREFORD.
Green Dragon Hotel.
Broad Street.
ROSS-ON-WYE (near).
Mount Craig Hotel.
ROSS-ON-WYE.
Royal Hotel.

Hertfordshire

BUSHEY.
Bushey Hall Hotel.
LITTLE GADDESSEN.
Bridgewater Arms Hotel.
ROYSTON.
Banyers' Hotel.
WATFORD.
Rose and Crown Hotel.
WELWYN GARDEN CITY.
Guesen's Court Hotel.
HUNTINGDONSHIRE.
Huntingdon.
George Hotel.
ST. IVES.
Golden Lion Hotel.

Isle of Wight

SHANKLIN.
Shanklin Towers Hotel.
VENTNOR.
Royal Hotel.

Kent

BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA.
Bungalow Hotel.
BROADSTAIRS.
Royal Albion Hotel.
CANTERBURY.
Abbot's Barton Hotel.
County Hotel.
DOVER.
The Granville Hotel.
St. Margaret's Bay.
FOLKESTONE.
Burlington Hotel.
Hotel Lyndhurst.
HYTHE.
The Hotel Imperial.
IGTHAM.
Town House.
RAMSGATE.
Granville Hotel.
SEVENOAKS, RIVERHEAD.
The Amherst Arms Hotel.
TUNBRIDGE WELLS.
Wellington Hotel.
WEST WICKHAM.
Wickham Court Hotel.
WESTERHAM.
King's Arms Hotel.

Lancashire

BLACKPOOL.
Hotel Metropole.
NEWBY BRIDGE.
Lakeside Hotel, Lakeside.
SOUTHPORT.
Victoria Hotel.
Palace Hotel.
ST. ANNES-ON-SEA.
Grand Hotel.

Lincolnshire

GRANTHAM.
Angel and Royal Hotel.
George Hotel.
HOLBEACH.
Chequers Hotel.
LINCOLN.
White Hart Hotel.
STAMFORD.
George Hotel.
WOODHALL SPA.
Eagle Lodge Hotel.

Monmouth

TINTERN.
Beaufort Hotel.

Norfolk

BLAKENEY.
Blakeney Hotel.
CAISTER-ON-SEA.
Manor House Hotel.
CROMER.
Grand Hotel.
HUNSTANTON.
Le Strange Arms Golf Link Hotel.
Golden Lion Hotel.
SHERINGHAM.
The Sheringham Hotel.

Northamptonshire

POTTERINGHAY.
Manor Farm Country Hotel.
KETERING.
George Hotel.
PETERBOROUGH.
Angel Hotel.
Bull Hotel.
Grand Hotel.

Nottinghamshire

NOTTINGHAM.
County Hotel.
NR. RETFORD.
Barnev Moor. Ye Olde Bell Hotel.
OXFORDSHIRE.
BURFORD.
Cotswold Gateway Hotel.
MINSTER LOVELL.
The Old Swan.
OXFORD.
Clarendon Hotel.
Mitre Hotel.
Hotel Brimpton Grange, near Wheatley.
Randolph Hotel.

Shropshire

CHURCH STRETTON.
Longmynd Hotel.
The Hotel.

Somerset

ALLERDORF, MINEHEAD.
Holnicote House Hotel.
BATE.
Bath Spa Hotel.
Empire Hotel.
Grand Pump Room Hotel.
Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Pulteney Hotel.
Brockham End Hotel, Lansdown.
NEAR BATH.
Limpley Stoke Hotel.
DULVERTON (Border of Devon).
Lion Hotel.
EXFORD (near Minehead).
Crown Hotel.
MINEHEAD.
Beach Hotel.
Hotel Metropole.
TAUNTON.
Castle Hotel.

Staffordshire

UTTOKETER.
White Hart Hotel.

Suffolk

ALDEBURGH-ON-SEA.
White Lion Hotel.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS.
Angel Hotel.
BARTON MILLS.
(near Bury St. Edmunds).
The Bull Inn.
FELIXSTOWE.
Felix Hotel.
LOWESTOFT.
Hotel Victoria.
Tel. Downings 4.
SOUTHWOLD.
Grand Hotel.

Surrey

GODALMING.
The Lake Hotel.
GUILDFORD (near).
Newlands Corner Hotel.
HASLEMERE.
Georgian Hotel.
KINGSWOOD (WARREN).
Kingswood Park Guest House.
PEASLAKE (near Guildford).
Hurtwood Hotel.
RICHMOND.
Richmond Hill Hotel.
SANDERSTEAD.
Selsdon Park Hotel.
WEYBRIDGE.
Oaklands Park Hotel.
WIMBLEDON.
Southdowns Hall Hotel.

Sussex

BEXHILL.
Granville Hotel.
BRIGHTON.
Norfolk Hotel.
Old Ship Hotel.
CROWBOROUGH.
Crest Hotel. Tel. 394.
EAST GRINSTEAD.
Ye Olde Felbridge Hotel.
EASTBOURNE.
Alexandra Hotel.
Angles Private Hotel.
Burlington Hotel.
Grand Hotel.
Park Gates Hotel.
EAST WITTERING.
(near Chichester).
Shore Hotel.
Tel. West Wittering 345.
HASTINGS.
Queen's Hotel.
HORSHAM.
Ye Olde King's Head Hotel.
HOVE.
First Avenue Hotel.
New Imperial Hotel.
Prince's Hotel.
Dudley Hotel.
LEWES.
White Hart Hotel.
ROTTINGDEAN.
Tudor Close Hotel.
ST. LEONARDS.
Royal Victoria Hotel.
Sussex Hotel.
WORTHING.
Palace Court Hotel.
WYCH CROSS (Forest Row).
The Roebuck Hotel.

Warwickshire

BIRMINGHAM.
New Grand Hotel.
SHIPSTON-ON-STOUR.
The George Hotel.
STRATFORD-ON-AVON.
Arden Hotel.

Westmorland

AMBLESIDE.
The Queen's Hotel.
GRASMERE.
Prince of Wales Lake Hotel.
WINDERMERE.
Langdale Chase Hotel.

Wiltshire

EAST EVERLEIGH.
MARLBOROUGH.
The Crown Hotel.
SALISBURY.
Old George Hotel.
County Hotel.

Worcestershire

BROADWAY.
The Lygon Arms.
DROITWICH SPA.
Raven Hotel.
Worcestershire Brine Baths Hotel.

Yorkshire

BOROUGHBRIDGE.
Three Arrows Hotel.
CATTERICK BRIDGE.
The Bridge House Hotel.
HARROGATE.
Cairn Hydro.
Harlow Manor Hotel.
Prospect Hotel.
ILKLEY.
Wells House Hotel.
The Middleton Hotel.
LONDONDERRY.
Newton House Hotel.
SCARBOROUGH.
Royal Hotel.
Brompton Hall Country Hotel.
Grand Hotel.
SOUTH STAINLEY.
(Nr. Harrogate).
Red Lion Inn.
YORK.
Harker's York Hotel.
Young's Hotel, High Petergate.

Irish Free State

DUBLIN.
Royal Hibernian Hotel.
ROSAPENNA (Co. DONEGAL).
Rosapenna Hotel.
Tel. Downings 4.
WATERVILLE (Co. KERRY).
Butler Arms Hotel.
Bay View Hotel.

Northern Ireland

BANGOR (Co. DOWN).
Royal Hotel.
BELFAST.
Grand Central Hotel.
PORTRUSH.
Seabank Hotel.

Southern Ireland

ENNISTYMON (Co. CLARE).
Falls Hotel.

Scotland

ARGYLLSHIRE.
KIMFORD.
Culfaul Hotel.
LOCH AWE.
Loch Awe Hotel.
TOBERMORY (Isle of Mull).
The Western Isles Hotel.

Fifeshire

ST. ANDREWS.
The Grand Hotel.

Inverness-shire

CARRBRIDGE.
Carrbridge Hotel.
INVERNESS.
Caledonian Hotel.
Royal Hotel.
NAIRN.
The Royal Marine Hotel.
ONICH.
Creag-Dhu Hotel.
PORTREE.
Portree Hotel.

Kincardineshire

BANCHORY.
Tor-na-Coille Hotel.

Pertshire

BLAIR ATHOLL.
Atholl Arms Hotel.
CALLANDER.
Dreadnought Hotel.
GLENDEVON.
Castle Hotel.
PERTH.
Windsor Restaurant.
38 St. John Street.
ROSS-SHIRE.
Isle of Skye (by Kyle).
Dunsdale Hotel.
Isle Ornsay Hotel.
STRATHPEFFER.
Spa Hotel.

Sutherlandshire

GOLSPIE.
Sutherland Arms Hotel.
LAIRG.
Altnaharra Hotel.
SCOURIE.
Hotel Scourie.

Wigtownshire

STRANRAER.
Auld King's Arms.

Wales

ABERDOVEY.
Trefeddan Hotel.
BANGOR.
Castle Hotel.
REDDGELERT.
Royal Goat Hotel.
CAPEL CURIG.
Tyn-y-Coed Hotel.
DOLGELLEY.
Golden Lion Royal Hotel.
GLYN GARTH, ANGLESEY.
Gazelle Hotel.
HARLECH.
St. David's Hotel.
LLANDRINDOD WELLS.
Ye Wells Hotel.
LLANGOLEN.
The Hand Hotel.
LLANWRTYD WELLS.
Abernant Lake Hotel.
SAUNDERSFOOT, TENBY.
St. Bride's Hotel.
SNOWDONIA, NANTGWYNANT.
Pen-y-Gwryd Hotel.

Foreign Hotels

Austria

BADGASTEIN.
"Der Kaiserhof."

Belgium

LE ZOUTE.
Grosvenor Hotel.
Digue de Mer 220.

Ceylon

COLOMBO.
Galle Face Hotel.
KANDY.
Queen's Hotel.

Czecho-Slovakia

BAD PISTANY.
Grand Hotel Royal.

France

BERCK-PLAGE.
Regina et Villa De La Sante.
CANNES.
Carlton Hotel.
LYONS.
Grand Nouvel Hotel.
11, Rue Groce.
MARSEILLES.
Hotel de Louvre et de La Paix.
PARIS.
Hotel Ritz.
15, Place Vendôme.
Hotel Scrib.
1, Rue Scrib.
Hotel Astoria.
131, Avenue des Champs-Élysées.
Hotel Wagram.
208, Rue de Rivoli, Jardin des Tuileries.
LE TOUQUET-PARIS-PLAGE.
Westminster Hotel.
MONT3 CARLO.
Hotel de Paris.
VERSAILLES.
Trianon Palace Hotel.

Germany

BAD AACHEN.
Kurhotel "der Quellenhof."
Hotel Kaiserbad.
BAD EMBACH.
Radium Mineral Baths.
BERLIN.
Hotel Aulon.

Italy

MERANO.
Park Hotel.
ROME.
Hotel Majestic.

Japan

KOBE.
Oriental Hotel.

Switzerland

GENEVA.
Hotel de La Paix.
LAUSANNE OUCHY.
Hotel Savoy.
Hotel Royal.
Hotel Mirabeau.
LUGANO.
Hotel Splendide.
PONTRESINA.
Grand Hotel Kronenhof.

WOMAN TO WOMAN

A SCIENTIST IN KOREA—FACE-LIFTING—THE SURGEON AS ARTIST—
A PIOUS BUDGERIGAR

By THE HON. THEODORA BENSON

A FEW days ago I had scarcely heard of the Koreans. I knew no more of them than that their country, after historical skirmishings with China, Russia and Japan, is a Japanese protectorate. But now I feel myself much drawn to the Koreans. The reason for this is that I have now learnt (among much else) that the greatest occasion for rejoicing in a Korean man's life is his sixty-first birthday. He then makes a great celebration at having attained the prime of life. In the Korean view, until sixty-one, a man is beset by too many temptations for happiness to be possible to him, but at that age he enters on a new phase of existence. In honour of it, he feasts his friends, who eagerly congratulate him on having reached—not wisdom, or anything like that—but a thoroughly agreeable time of life with serene and happy days ahead. And really I think there's a good deal of sense in this.

I learnt this, and everything else that I know about Korea, from Dr. Sten Bergman's new book, "In Korean Wilds and Villages," translated from Swedish to English by Frederic Whyte, and published at 12s 6d. by John Gifford, Ltd. It is a very straightforward work by a man who gives one complete confidence that he knows what he is talking about. He is a scientist and an explorer, something of a sportsman too, and his journeying was undertaken and carried through in the service of science. The aim of the book seems to be to give an informative account of the trip, without being either technical or romantic, and perhaps such an aim has dropped the author a little between two stools. Having suggested that, I must add that it is the sort of book I like.

I WISH myself that more personalities and emotions emerged, and that one more often got the feeling of what it was actually like to meet this and that man or even bird and animal. We do learn a lot about the natives and the fauna, but seldom get much of a sketch of an individual. Sometimes a Japanese here, a Korean there, a flying squirrel and friend or a tame hawk become real acquaintances to us. But it is obvious that this is not the travel book of a novelist but of a scientist.

Still, in addition to more solid advantages, what a lot of irritation that spares one! Dr. Bergman is never whimsical or affected or cheap, or vain. His picture is never blurred by forced picturesqueness. One wishes one knew what he talked about with strange people who merely appear as "kind" or "hospitable," and with whom it is tantalisingly clear he had rather a gift for getting on; but there is something to be said even for such severe avoidance of the conversational mood and the inverted comma.

I liked this book. It's full of information you can't find anywhere else, and plenty of it is fascinating enough for the most frivolous mind. The cakes and biscuits are actually hired at a Korean party. You do get something to eat of course, but you recognise, if you are observant, familiar near-edibles that have been doing the round of all the festivities in that neighbourhood for a year. An interesting Japanese marine engineer actually spoke of "my small and dirty home," when inviting the author to visit his charming house. A Korean wears a large mourning hat for three years for his father's death, and two years for his mother's, but not at all for his wife's because "it is so easy to get a new wife, but you can't get new parents." A bride may not say a word either on her wedding day, or for several days after; the longer she keeps silence the more she is esteemed. The young couple do not meet before the marriage, and Dr. Bergman knew a bridegroom who went insane when he saw the girl. A good way to keep parasites off is—but there, you had better read it all yourself!

I HAVE just been to see a face-lifting operation. Not merely to pass the time, you know, like dropping into a cinema; indeed I was rather scared beforehand, and felt as I did on a certain day when I found myself irremediably committed to going to watch all-in wrestling. I would sooner see a face-lifting operation than all-in wrestling any time now! I felt more nervous than the patient, who approached the ordeal in

the most light-hearted spirit—justifiably as it turned out. It was done with a local anæsthetic, and she didn't feel a thing. It was all finished in about an hour. At first it was a distinct shock to see living skin cut like leather. Vague thoughts of Rembrandt's "Anatomist" crossed my mind. Then I couldn't help being fascinated by the neatness and simplicity of the job. After all, I was watching an artist doing work which the lay person could easily follow and which must be of some interest to women!

In a way, a face-lift was the worst kind of æsthetic surgery I could have been called upon to see, on account of my prejudices. Everyone must feel admiration and thankfulness for the wonders that can be done to save faces from disfigurement after accidents and to remove deformities. But, I at any rate, had a superstitious, obstinate feeling that it was vaguely unethical to have your face lifted!

THIS feeling rapidly weakened. The whole affair was rather like the case of someone who has a charming suit that she has worn some time, and which needs taking in at the waist and pressing out over the knees and shrinking a bit behind until it fits her again. Here was this woman with a youthful voice, a pretty little straight nose, lovely blue eyes and dark lashes, and she recovered the correct chin and cheek and jaw line to go with her face, the line she used to have before her skin started not to fit. She was naturally very much pleased, and she and the surgeon were confident that it would be another ten years before she was back where she'd started that day. The hard work was cleverly done by inside stitches which would stay in for a week. The neat little outside stitches therefore would only have to stay in for forty-eight hours, an important point as they would thus leave absolutely no mark. There wasn't any nonsense about the face-lifted patient being unable to smile; she could both smile and giggle.

"I like it much better than the dentist," she said. "I felt nothing!"

I inquired whether those who resorted to plastic surgeons were not all wealthy people, or people of the leisured classes? But this is not so. It was sympathetically explained to me that it is the poor whose faces are their fortunes. People without influence sometimes cannot afford to have sticking-out ears or pouches under the eyes, as handicaps in the scramble for jobs. Besides there is not only the psychological effect on possible employers and others to be considered, but the immense psychological effect upon the actual person. I have seen a printed time schedule for jobs on the face (I didn't see one referring to the figure). Baggy or receding chin takes an hour to correct. Large ears can be reduced in an hour, but it takes two hours to fix outstanding ears. Curving lines and furrows take less time, and a dropping corner of the mouth can be dealt with in twenty minutes! It sounds about as matter of fact as a hard-ware catalogue!

I HAVE often heard of budgerigars learning to talk, but I have never met one who could. Not audibly, anyway! I used to be sceptical about their vocal powers. However, I have heard recently of one who had mastered a great variety of phrases, and who spoke, though not as loud as a parrot, with a far more nearly Oxford accent. Efforts were made before a visit to its owners from the Secretary of the Zoo to teach it to say, "How do you do, Dr. Huxley?" In the bird's view, however, the situation was amply met by a nonchalant, "H're ya, Hux?" This, however, did not indicate any lack of enthusiasm, for later it said affectionately and pressingly: "Dear little, Hux! Have some seed?"

Occasionally it muddled its phrases, and would combine, "Make me a nice cup of tea," with "Please God make Joey a good bird" producing "Please God make Joey a nice cup of tea"—a touching but thoroughly unpractical suggestion. Once it was heard to utter the strange and deeply moving prayer: "Please, God, make Joey God." Nothing happened.

WOMEN IN SPORT



THE WOMEN'S AMATEUR ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS AT MITCHAM

(Top Left) Miss V. Schenk in mid-air during the Long Jump

(Left) Miss D. Saunders (right) finishing the 60 metres record attempt. Her time (7.6 secs.) equals the British Record

(Bottom Left) Little Miss Harbour fighting out a finish with Miss R. Hoather in a heat of the 75 yards handicap

(Top Right) A spectacular picture of Miss M. Smith in the Senior High Jump

(Bottom Right) Miss O. Hall breaking the world's record for 880 yards in 2 mins. 19.6 secs.



BLACK—THE PERPETUAL FASHION

ARE you a busy woman who has little time to spend on her clothes, or a lazy one who wants to be well-dressed without taking much thought? Are you very young and wanting to look sophisticated, or not very young and wanting to look neat and smart? Have you got a small dress allowance, which you want to make go a long way? There is one answer to all these problems; you can wear black. Black is always in fashion; in France it is almost a uniform, but in England it is still rare enough to be interesting as well as safe. A black coat, a black dress, a black suit; there is almost no London day occasion in the winter for which you would not be suitably dressed in one of these. If you want to save trouble or money, you will be set up for the winter with these three; if trouble and money are "no object," you will still be wise to choose your dress and coat and suit, wear them often and discard them soon, which is a much more certain way of being well-dressed than having a lot of clothes at once and wearing them a whole winter. You may feel that black and nothing but black is boring; but that is just your opportunity to express your individuality in all sorts of exciting blouses, thick necklaces, unusual gloves, and really striking hats. It takes a very sure taste to express your individuality in your dresses and suits; you may only make a mess of it. But having a safe foundation in the main part of your outfit, which is simple, well-cut and smart, you can go all out on your accessories. Do not wear a silver fox and a pearl necklace like everyone else. Get out that fat necklace of red wooden beads you had in nineteen-thirty;



Dover Street Studios

A TAILORED OVERCOAT IN BLACK TWEED
From Barri



PERSIAN LAMB TRIMS THE POCKETS AND COLLAR
OF THIS BLACK SUIT. From Barri

wear a fresh flower buttonhole every day; find a cameo bracelet in an old jewellery shop; have cyclamen gloves to match your new lipstick; wear a brilliant suède waistcoat over your staid black dress or under your severe black suit. But remember, if you are only having one coat, one dress, one suit, they must be really well-cut, with that kind of deliberate simplicity which you do not get in cheap clothes. They must be made of good cloth, which will not spot or get shiny. One often hears women say: "Oh, one's clothes never have time to wear out, so it is not worth bothering about how stuff will wear." But one also often sees a dress gone thin at the elbows, or rumpled with the kind of crease which no amount of pressing will get out of cheap materials after a bit, or sagging irredeemably out of shape. They have perhaps only been worn twenty times; perhaps you do not want to wear any frock more than twenty times, but you want it to look as good at the twentieth putting-on as at the first.

The black coat and black suit at their newest and simplest are shown on this page. The coat is in black tweed, one of the autumn's successes. It is trimmed on the collar and pocket with braid; the big cloth buttons are shaped like fleur-de-lis; the back of the coat is pouched from a shoulder yoke. This fullness at the back above the waist is seen on both overcoats and jackets. The suit is in black cloth; here, too, the jacket is pouched at the back. The most striking feature is the black Persian lamb trimming on the breast pockets, and the little roll of the same fur round the collar. Both come from Barri.

NEW DEVICES in AUTUMN SPORTS WEAR



(Left) A SKIRT WITH TWO JACKETS, ONE CHECK, AND ONE (inset) STRIPED
From Lillywhite's

(Below) A WATERPROOF GOLF SUIT WITH THE NEW GAITER TROUSERS
From Lillywhite's



MOST women, when they go out in the rain, put on a mackintosh, waterproof shoes and a stout hat; they are protected almost from head to foot, but there is a chilly gap round about the ankles, and the rain seeps into the tops of their shoes, and they catch cold after all. Lillywhite's have thought of a new device for the woman who likes to play golf in all weathers; it is the waterproof suit on the right, with its gaiter trousers which keep the ankles and feet warm and dry. They have it in a fine silky proofed material in brown, beige, navy blue or green; there is a jacket to go with it, and if you do not like wearing trousers you can have a skirt of the same material instead, zip-fastened down the side.

* * *

We have had tweed jackets with two skirts to go with them; now here is a set from Lillywhite's which is the other way round, two jackets to a skirt. The skirt is plain: one jacket is checked, the other striped, all in the same colour scheme. You can have a greenish-brown skirt with the jacket in dull orange, yellow and greenish-brown; or seaweed blue with red and cream, or red, turquoise blue and beige with brown. There are plenty of these attractive colour schemes, and if you wear a different hat and jersey with each jacket you really have two outfits. You could also have a second skirt in one of the other colours in the check, and wear the two skirts and two jackets interchangeably, which would really make four suits. CATHARINE HAYTER.

THE LATER HEATHS

A SELECTION FOR AUTUMN PLANTING

THE heaths which flower from the later summer to October comprise several groups of the utmost importance to anyone indulging in these fascinating shrubs, for among them are many of the most beautiful in cultivation, and their flowering period links up that round of blossom with which the heaths encircle our garden year.

Erica Tetralix, a compact heath of the greatest charm, with white or pink umbels over a crisp foliage which in some varieties is a frosty grey, is the most persistent bloomer of all these. Among its varieties, *E. T. mollis* with white flowers, and its counterpart in pink (*Pink Glow*), are perhaps the best; but *Silver Bells* is a novelty well worth noting. Still better as garden plants are the rather later *E. Tetralix X E. ciliaris* hybrids. More slender in growth and more trailing than the cross-leaved heath, with a moss green, more or less downy foliage, these hybrids are first-rate plants. From the end of July until autumn is well in, they yield a profusion of unusually large, bright rose pink flowers in long spikes, and they are generally better able to withstand harsh winters than *ciliaris* itself. A good selection of these should include *H. Maxwell*, *Dawn*, and *Watsonii*, as well as the very dwarf mat-forming *Lawsoniana*, which dapples its cool emerald with flesh-pink bells.

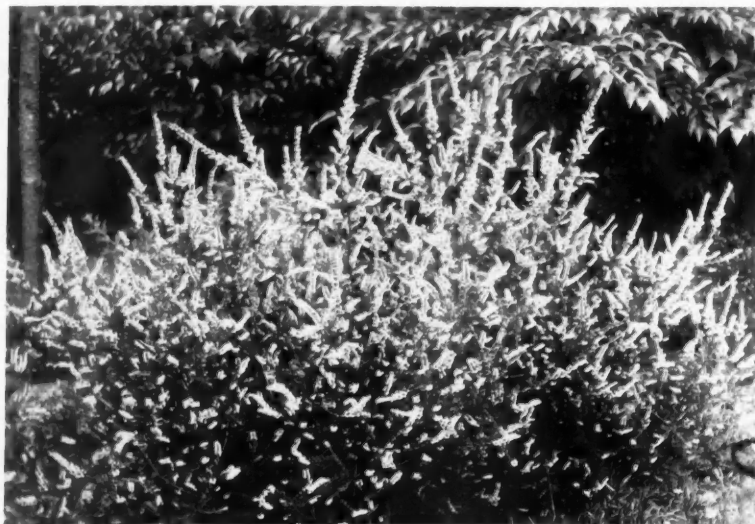
If the typical *E. ciliaris* is not so successful in bleak inland gardens as the foregoing, especially when exposed to cutting winds, it is such a charming species that few heather addicts will resist giving it a trial. In growth it has much of the semi-trailing habit of the hybrids, but the leafage is more silky and therefore greyer, and the bells are a rich rosy pink. In *E. c. globosa* these bells are unusually full and round, as they are in another excellent form, *Mrs. C. H. Gill*. Then we have in *Stoborough* a first-class white, and in *Mawean* a Portuguese form with deep green foliage and the finest flowers of all in a full-toned bright rosy red.

Although the bulk of the tree-heaths will now be flowerless, their beautiful foliage serves to-day as a perfect background for the colourful hummocks of their smaller relations, while their height will serve to "lift" a too uniform level in the latter. But there is one tree heath, the Corsican *E. stricta*, which richly merits a place in any plantation as a mid-season to late bloomer. Very hardy, with an upright habit and

charming apple green foliage, *stricta* yields over the period mentioned masses of blossom in a taking shade of soft pink. *E. stricta*—which, by the way, makes a charming hedge—is a splendid drought resister and one that will put up with the most meagre of stony soils. Moreover, it is one of the few heaths that do not resent lime, a concession shared also by the Cornish heath, *E. vagans*, and in both species the bright rusty red of the faded flowers gives a welcome glow of colour to the winter garden.

E. vagans is an invaluable heath, especially for places which allow it full scope for its handsome mound of growth with a spread of 6ft. Hardy and amazingly free with its bold spikes of blossom, which continue until the frost, the Cornish is easily one of the finest of all the later heaths, and it provides varieties of superlative merit. The three most striking of these are the old *St. Keverne*, with massive yet beautifully tapered spikes of a clear carmine rose; *Mrs. D. F. Maxwell*, a deep cerise warmed by a slight infusion of brick red; and *Lyonesse*, a superb white. These magnificent heaths have, in addition to their colours and size of spikes, a more compact habit than the older, more typical sorts, and they are, in every way, equally trustworthy and vigorous.

The familiar and well loved ling (*calluna*) is always attractive, but it reaches a degree of excellence in many of its numerous varieties which places it among the elect of all late season heaths. From bushes of 3ft. to little moss-like pads of an inch or so, it offers sizes to suit all purposes, while in colour these range from a bright rich crimson, through rose to the blue-lilac of the type; and there are many lovely whites. There are, perhaps, too many named varieties of *calluna*; but, even so, it would be difficult to resist such splendid shrubs as the ruby red *Alportii*, *coccinea*, the late *Goldsworth Crimson*, the deep rose pink *C. W. Nix*, and such carpeters as *Mullion*, *Kuphaldtii*, in purple; and the old *tenuis*, with its tangle of rosy lilac. Then in doubles we have a brace of the best in the very late *H. E. Beale* and earlier *J. H. Hamilton*, the one fully 2ft., the other almost prostrate, and both with sprays of rose coral. County Wicklow, a miniature *H. E. Beale*, is also very charming, and the old *C. vulgaris* fl. pl. still holds its own when massed in drifts of lavender rose. Then in whites there are the big *Hammondii*, the long-spiked *Mair's Variety*, the new *Carlton*, *rigida* and *Serlei*, this last being easily the most beautiful of the latest whites. A. T. J.

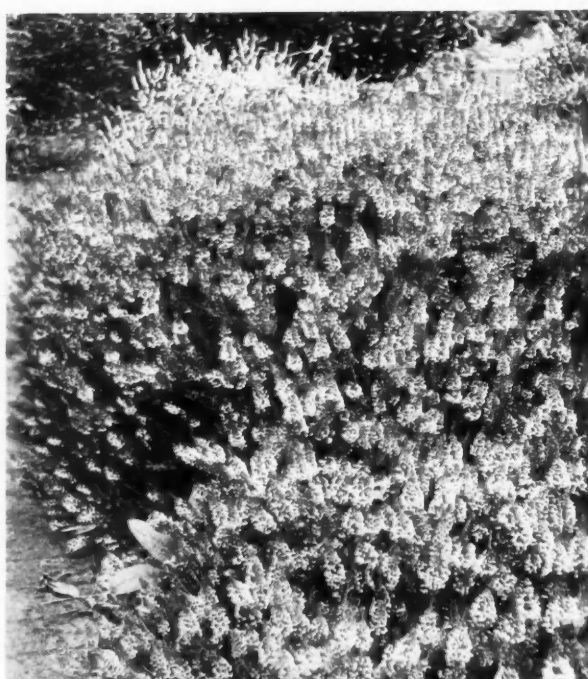


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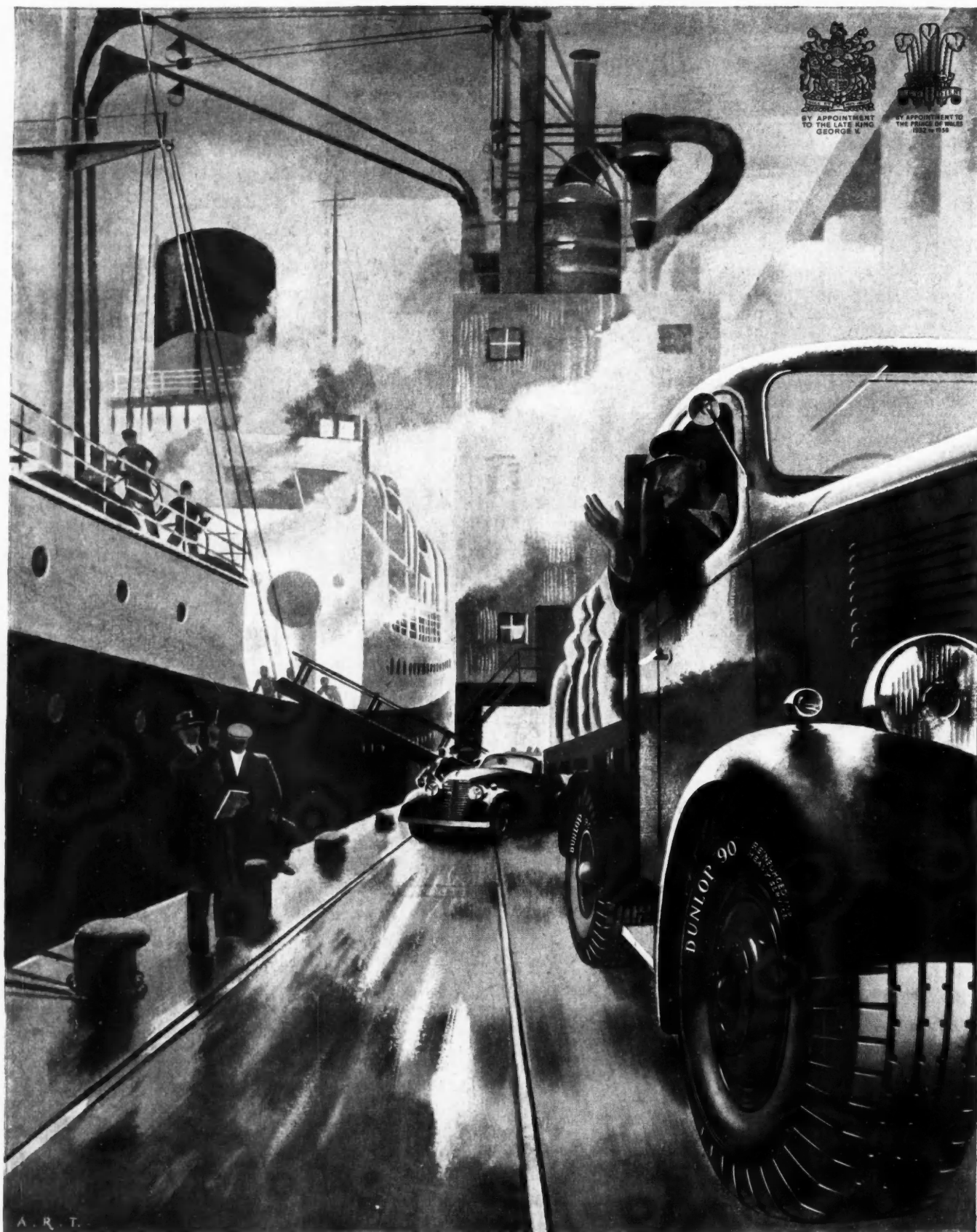
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